SHOWTIME

THE TOP
FILM MONTHLY

JULY 1965

1/-

THE TWO MEN IN JANE FONDA'S LIFE

• • • • • • • •

TOUGH TALKING-RICHARD HARRIS

• • • • • • • •

CLOSE UP ON *THUNDERBALL*

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THE NEW GOLDEN GIRLS

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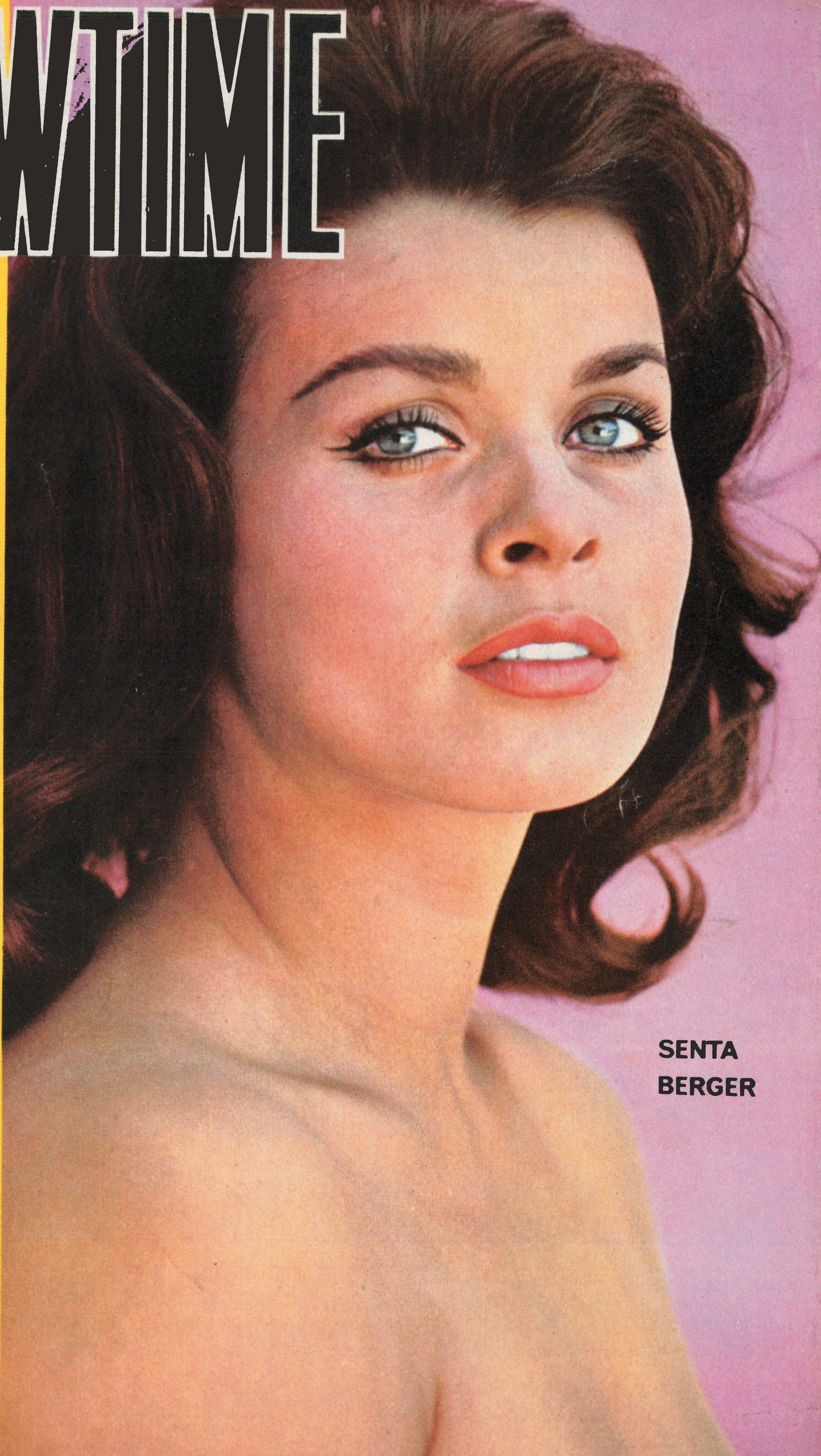
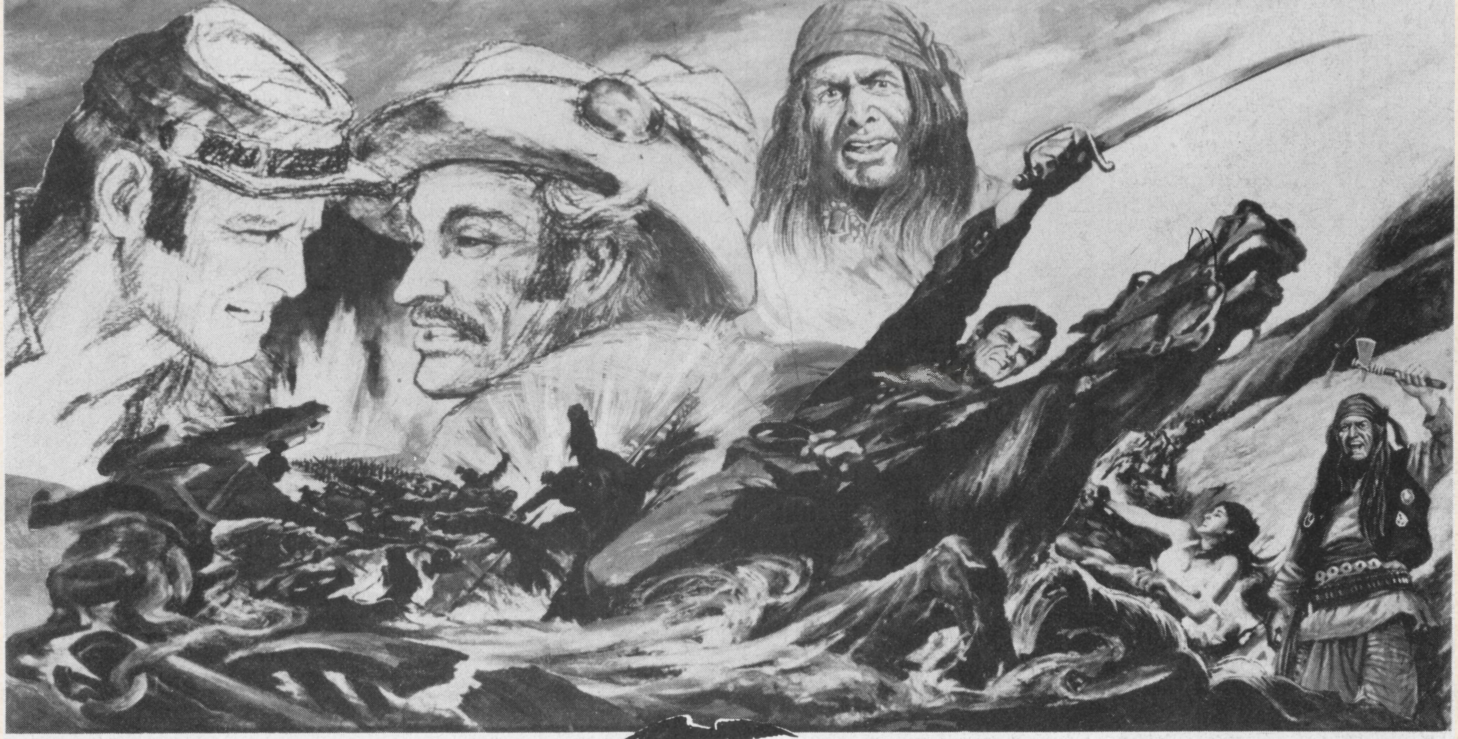


SENTA
BERGER

NOTHING COULD STOP THE MIGHTY APACHE, SIERRA CHARRIBA, EXCEPT A HANDFUL OF DESPERATE MEN AND THE UNION OFFICER—MAJOR DUNDEE!



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JIM HUTTON · JAMES COBURN · and MICHAEL ANDERSON, JR.

co-starring

MARIO ADORF · BROCK PETERS · and SENTA BERGER

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Produced by JERRY BRESLER · Directed by SAM PECKINPAH · Music Composed by DANIELE AMFITHEATROF
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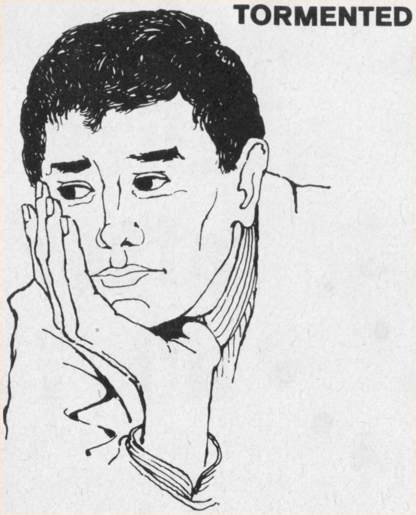
TORMENTED



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SHOWTIME
THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

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Volume 2, Number 7 *July, 1965*

Editor: **Peter Tipthorp**
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Cover: **Senta Berger**
(who stars in *Major Dundee*)

FILM GOSSIP

EDITED BY TONY CRAWLEY

Julie may play Eliza after all . . .

MILLIONS of people were in uproar when **JULIE ANDREWS** was not even asked to star in the *My Fair Lady* film. Her great screen successes since—including her *Mary Poppins* Oscar—have not entirely consoled her countless fans. Now, however, I have some great news which should cheer them up . . . Julie *may* play Eliza Dolittle on the screen after all!

The man who will make the final decision on the plan is director **ROBERT WISE,** first film-maker in the world to be working with Julie twice. Their first combination, *The Sound Of Music*, is already another *Poppins*-style wonder-hit. Next year they will join up again to make *The Gertrude Lawrence Story*. "Julie agreed immediately I asked her, even though there wasn't a script," he says.

Fancy meeting you here! A surprised OMAR SHARIF — as *Genghis Khan* — meets French star MYLENE DEMONGEOT, on location in Yugoslavia.

Just like Julie is to the 60's, Gertrude Alexandra Dagmar Lawrence Klasen was the golden girl to London, Broadway and Hollywood audiences from the 20's right through to her

★THERE'S AN UNUSUAL ROLE FOR **TOM COURTENAY** IN *OPERATION CROSSBOW*. "I'M A DUTCH SPY SPEAKING MOST OF MY DIALOGUE IN GERMAN . . . WITH ENGLISH SUB-TITLES," HE TELLS ME. "ONE OF MY OLD RADA TEACHERS TAUGHT ME THE LINES I HAD TO SAY. I JUST MIMICKED EACH NOISE HE MADE, AND LEARNED THEM PARROT-FASHION. OF COURSE, I KNEW WHAT EACH WORD MEANT—AND IT SEEMED TO WORK VERY WELL."

tragic death in 1952. One of her finest successes was the musical, *The King And I*. Her fans included George Bernard Shaw, Danny Kaye, Sir Laurence Olivier, Prince Philip and other royalty.

One very memorable milestone in her career was the part of Eliza in a Broadway version of *Pygmalion*—at the express permission of Shaw, for whom Gertie often knitted winter mittens!

"But it's far too early to say whether we can use this part of her life in our film," Bob Wise told me. "I've only just booked my scriptwriter, so the first treatment isn't even prepared as yet. We're working from both books about Gertie—her autobiography, *A Star Danced*, and her husband's book, *Mrs. A*.

"Whether we'll take our story up to her marriage I can't say as yet. I'm more keen on her early career in the London music-halls, the Cochran revues, her work for Noel Coward and so on. Certainly we won't include her death. And, you see, she played Eliza some years after marrying Richard Aldrich; in fact, this was the only time she worked in one of his productions.

"Obviously, a lot of people would be delighted to see Julie as Eliza again—only without the songs this time. And who knows, maybe they will."

I certainly hope so.

PETER O'TOOLE is joining forces with LAURENCE HARVEY to make the epic film about the Charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava, *The Reason Why*. Last time that title was used for a film was for a cigarette documentary!

HAVING DESTROYED THE WORLD IN *DR. STRANGELOVE*, **STANLEY KUBRICK** WILL NOW MAKE *JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS* — A SCIENCE-FICTION DRAMA SET IN A.D.2001, DEALING WITH "THE POSSIBILITY OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE BEYOND OUR UNIVERSE." OH YEAH!

My favourite slice of Viennese pastry, **MARISA MELL**, *has filmed nearly all over the world. Her favourite spots? "London is best to work in—most interesting and very much alive. But Brazil is the place for holidays—the sea, the sun, and oh, the carnivals there just have to be seen to be believed!"*

Back to work at last: TONY PERKINS into *Stolen War* . . . GEORGE CHAKIRIS in a French drama . . . PATTY DUKE, the girl from *The Miracle Worker*, into PETER LAWFORD'S production of *Ginger* . . . and ROBERT MITCHUM in *The Case Against Col. Sutton*.

Even now he's back from his marathon world tour and working at the National Theatre, **ALBERT FINNEY** *is no easy star to nail down for a chat. Every reporter in town tries, unsuccessfully, to track him down. I had no trouble, though. There I was, having the full treatment from Mr. Michael in* **STANLEY ALWIN'S** *Shaftesbury Avenue hairdressing haven—with Finney in the next chair.*

"Something short and simple, Stanley," requested Albert, talking through a head-cold, and smiling at his manicurist. "I want it so that when I get up from bed, all I have to do is run my hands through it. I'm far too blooming lazy to use a comb."

"Shortish and simple, eh?" mused Stanley. "You need a College Boy, Albert."

"Whaddyamean," laughed Albert. "I'm no college boy. Me? I'm rough trade, mate!"

Thus spoke probably the richest young actor in Britain today; adding that he will not make another film until he's completed his year's stint with the National Theatre. So now we know.

Listen carefully when you see the Burtons in *The Sandpiper*. During their motel scene an angry voice is heard but not seen. Who played the scene? **PETER O'TOOLE.**

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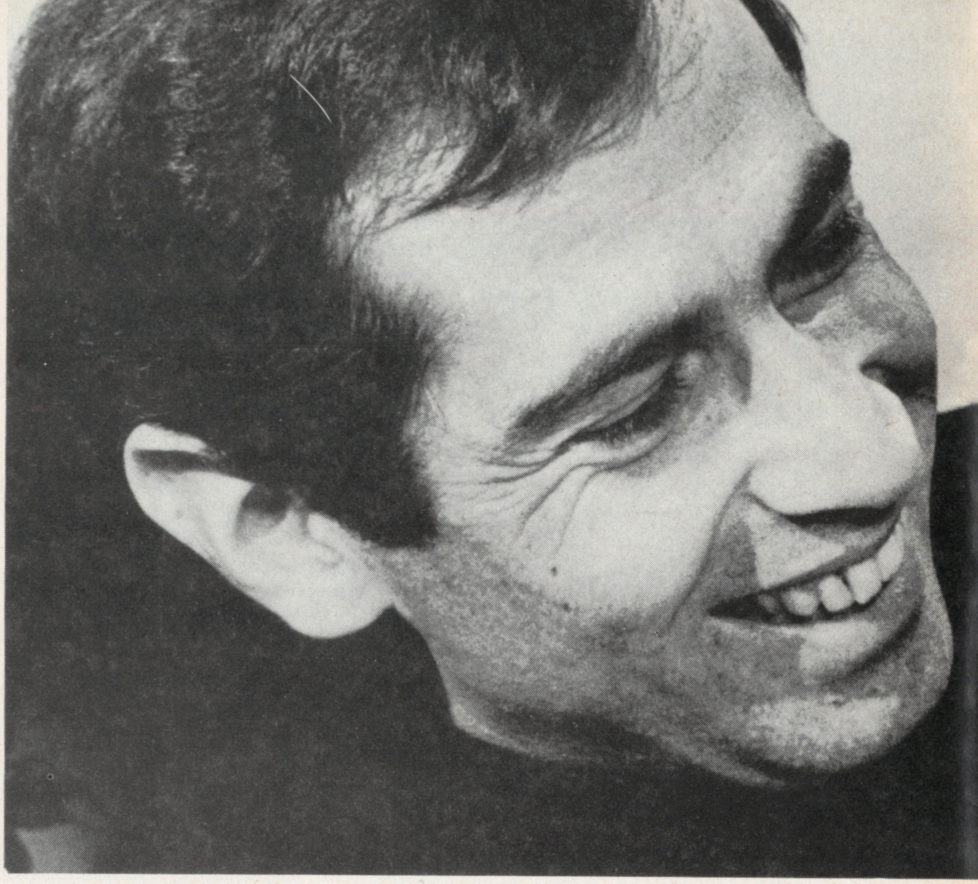
PAULA PRENTISS is best known for her comedies. She proves equally adept at drama, however, in Otto Preminger's *In Harm's Way* — a war epic with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas. "I enjoyed the change," Paula comments. "But I think I'm more suited to laughs." Peter Sellers agrees; he's co-starred with her twice.

HOW VADIM CHANGED JANE



Vadim and Jane: "I'm happy because

"Now I realise my career is not that important to me. I could even give it up if I had to."

THERE are two men in Jane Fonda's life. And looking at her it is not hard to guess who they are.

From one she has inherited large, haunting eyes that seem to harbour a gentle sadness, however gay the rest of her face. From him, too, she has inherited a full, generous mouth, an almost too determined-looking jaw. And, above all, she has inherited from him a talent which has grateful producers crying with joy into their bank balances. He is, of course, her father—Henry Fonda.

The other? Look closer at that familiar wind-tossed spray of golden, tangled hair now tumbling about Miss Fonda's face. Notice too, the pearly-pale pout of her lips, the languorous, lazy swing of her walk. If you recognise the style, and if it makes you think of those curiously similar-looking ladies of the French cinema — Mesdemoiselles Bardot, Stroyberg and Deneuve—you needn't rock with surprise.

The second man in Miss Fonda's life is, of course, the man who used to be *the* man in the other three ladies' lives—Roger Vadim. The man who discovered Brigitte Bardot, married her, got divorced; discovered Annette Stroyberg, married her, got divorced; discovered Catherine Deneuve, but did not marry her. (They do, however, have a baby son.)

AND THE MAN WHO VIRTUALLY INVENTED THE BARDOT LOOK HAS PASSED ON ITS SECRETS TO HENRY'S LITTLE GIRL.

Jane talks about Henry with the sort of warm affection that comes from having learned how to cope with his fame and the demands it made on her as a person and an actress: "People were saying: '*Why don't you change your name. You'll always be known as Henry Fonda's daughter.*' And at first, it was quite true.

"It was difficult, because one had so

I'm in love with him," she says.

much to live up to. Also, people were rather inclined to resent you, thinking that you'd got your chances because your father was famous.

"But I never considered changing my name. I am, after all, proud of my father and I think it's a sort of reverse snobbishness to try and reject your name because it's famous."

She giggled; a throaty, joyous gurgle which makes her seem much younger than her 27 years: "Oh, you know, it's so funny now because people say jokingly: '*Henry Fonda, Jane Fonda's father*' and '*Peter Fonda, actor brother of Jane Fonda.*' My father's always amused when people say he's getting up-staged by his kids!"

NEVERTHELESS, IT WAS FEAR OF HAVING TO COMPETE WITH HER FATHER THAT STOPPED JANE FROM BECOMING AN ACTRESS UNTIL SHE WAS 23—A LATE START FOR SOMEONE WITH SO MUCH TALENT BURSTING TO SHOW ITSELF.

Nowadays, although the Fonda family is always busy filming in different parts of the world, they feel themselves to be close to each other spiritually. Their father has been married four times and Jane's own mother committed suicide. In spite of this Jane feels very much that her family has its own particular unity: "I've always envied the Mills family. They're marvellous people. They have such *closeness*. Well, although *we* don't often see each other in our family, we still feel involved with each other.

"It's rather funny—I was in Paris the other day waiting to meet someone at the airport. I suddenly caught sight of a man coming towards me who looked vaguely familiar. I thought: '*I need glasses. I swear it's my father, but it can't be!*' It was only when he stuck out his tongue at me that I realised that it *was* my father—on his way to film in Berlin!"

She talks of her childhood near Hollywood with the nostalgia of the sophisticated star for young, carefree, bare-foot days: "You'll never believe it but I am really a farm girl at heart. My father didn't want us to grow up in the Hollywood atmosphere which is hardly good for children.

"So we were brought up on a farm outside Hollywood. It really was primitive, with wild cats in the grounds. I lived in jeans—still my favourite clothes. Now, it's so sad because, where the farm was, it is all built up."

But, nothing daunted, Jane can bring back childhood memories with the help of a cheque book; she has *bought* herself a farm. She said: "It's really rough. It's not far from Paris and it's a marvellous place. When I bought it, there were cows wandering through where the dining-room is and there were weeds everywhere.

"I love its rough old walls, so I told the people who are helping me pull the place together to leave them alone. They said I was mad, and I'm afraid I probably am—it's all kind of *wobbly* and bits keep falling off! Actually, I feel like a god saying, '*Build another room there*' and '*Add a bit there!*' It's so exciting."

She groaned and buried her face into a cup of black coffee: "But the *expense!* It's ruining me. It's one of those mad things because I know it is probably cheaper to build a brand new farm."

Why buy a farm in France when you retain American citizenship, a Malibu Beach house and a flat in New York? The reason, of course, is Miss Fonda's attachment to France in general and to Vadim in particular.

"I'm happy because I'm in love with Vadim" is Jane's current refrain.

She first got to know Vadim three years ago, though she had met him as a child. The romance that developed stunned Paris at first; no one could see what this giggly girl from the States and the shy, gloomy young Frenchman saw in each other . . . When Vadim cast Jane in his film *La Ronde* they soon understood. The Vadim magic had worked on her.

Vadim has a reputation for being a callous and unbeatable lady-killer, envied by half the world's males—a reputation which, according to his friends, is unjust. Indeed, one French film star has said: "Vadim is sweet and shy, but he has this great talent for bringing out the beauty latent in women. Once he has taught them how to exploit this latent beauty, they tend to leave him. They don't like to think they are dependent on him. But Jane is different. She is already a star; she

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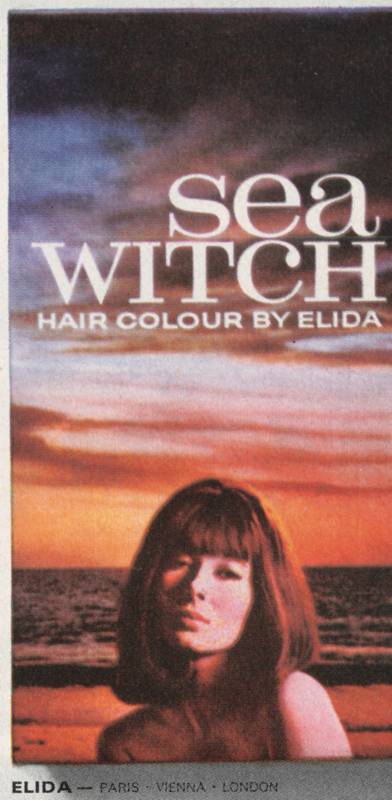

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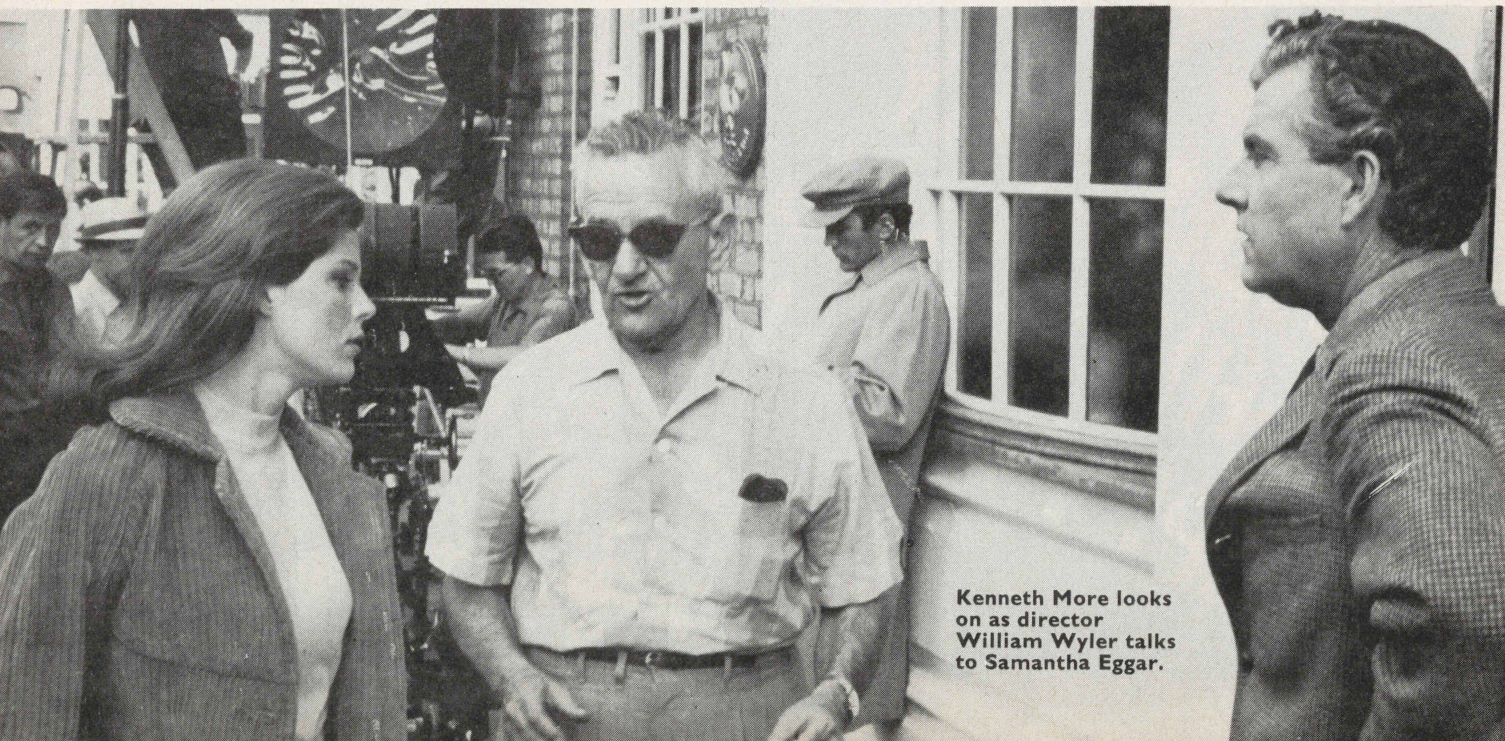
FOR THE SAD STORY BEHIND THIS HAPPY PICTURE
TURN THE PAGE

CUT-

More should never have taken the role, says Peter Tipthorp



Kenneth More looks on as director William Wyler talks to Samantha Eggar.

the part played by the man who was Britain's biggest star

MOST actors who find themselves in a part that is anything less than vital to a film have a fear at the back of their minds that their scenes will be cut.

Usually, all is well—but sometimes the fears are justified. And if that happens, weeks, even months, of work finish up on the cutting-room floor along with the trampled newspapers and crumbled cigarette ends.

In some cases it doesn't matter too much. The production may not have been that important, or the actor concerned may not have thought his performance up to much.

However, in most cases it matters a lot. It certainly mattered to Kenneth More when his scenes in *The Collector* were cut.

Most show business people felt for More when they read the news, because *The Collector* isn't just another picture. Indeed, it promises to be one of the most unusual and dramatic films of the year. The part gave More a chance to work with that skilful and sensitive director, William Wyler. It was an experience he enjoyed and he was looking forward to seeing the completed film . . . but not any more.

Why was More's part cut? For the same reason that most parts are cut: the film was too long and something had to go. Wyler decided that the character More played was not vital to the story and, frankly, he was right.

HIGHLY DRAMATIC STORY

What surprises me is that an actor of More's experience agreed, in the first place, to play the part he was offered in *The Collector*. No matter how keen he was to work with Wyler, had he read the book on which the film was based, he must have realised the character was not important.

The Collector tells the sad and highly dramatic story of a shy, lonely and insignificant boy (Terence Stamp) who, after winning a vast sum of money on the football pools, buys a remote country mansion and imprisons in its cellar a girl (Samantha Eggar) he has admired from afar.

The scenes that follow are violent and harrowing. The girl plays every trick she knows—even using her feminine charm—to win her freedom. It is a frightening and fascinating drama, but it involves only the characters played by Stamp and Samantha.

George Paston, the part More plays? He is the kidnapped girl's boy-friend. In the book he is mentioned, but he isn't important. The way I see it, even if the part had been strengthened for the film, it could not have become vital.

Most people will agree it is sad that a role played by the man who was Britain's biggest star, should be dispensable. *A Night To Remember*, *Sink The Bismarck!* and *Reach For The Sky*—these are the films that made More the most successful box-office actor in this country . . . the films that made him a star.

However, Wyler was faced with the problem of an over-long film and it was inevitable that something would be cut. But one can't help thinking it should never have happened to Kenneth More.

Right: 'The Collector' himself, Terence Stamp.

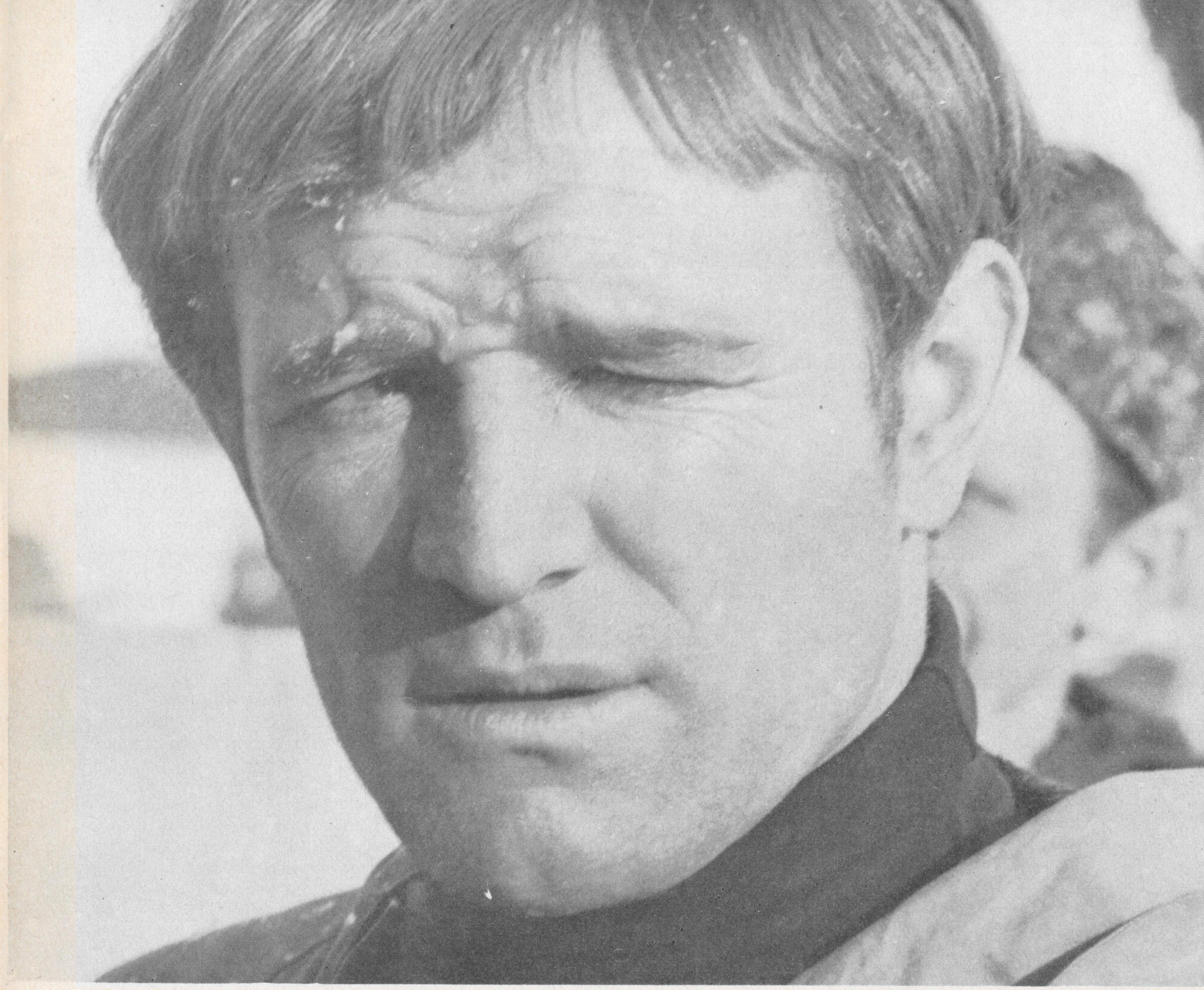
•••• A Tony Crawley Feature ••••

TOUGH TALKING

from Richard Harris the actor no one can push around

HE'S unmistakable in a crowd. A mountain of a man. Six feet tall, and then some, with shoulders almost as wide. And a granite face, softened only by a richly aristocratic nose . . . the sort of face you can almost hear crack when he smiles. And atop it all, a crop of tousled red hair that matches perfectly his firebrand image.

Richard Harris at home with his lovely wife, Elizabeth, and their boys: Damian, Jason and James.



Stories about Richard Harris are legion. How he once accepted a script, telling the producer: "I need the money, else I wouldn't take this."

How he drove himself so hard in the play, *The Ginger Man*, that his doctor ordered him to bed.

How he lived when a RADA student, sleeping in a coal-cellar or, when he wanted some company, with the tramps on London's Embankment. "My starvation period" he calls it.

How he refers to his lovely, blonde wife, Elizabeth Rees-Williams, daughter of the Welsh Liberal peer, Lord Ogmore. "Her job is to keep me alive and she does it well."

Not forgetting, of course, the wondrous tales of his beautiful barneys with Marlon Brando while making *Mutiny On The Bounty*. "That film almost made me a drunk and a tramp."

Such tales about him—now or in the future—should never surprise you. At all times, Harris looks what he is—a man who knows what he's about. And, often, he's fiercely outspoken.

He is one of the most impressive talents in international films today—with an off-screen record of being a stormy tough-guy hell-raiser. But see him with his three sons—Damian, Jason and James—and it's obvious that this tough-guy is all heart.

Hell-raiser or not, he certainly thrives on hard work. Very soon, he goes into production on his own account with *Wuthering Heights*—"as it should be made". And with very little rest since his last role—in the stirring £2,000,000 ski-war spectacle, *The Heroes Of Telemark*. This epic, most of which was made in bitterly-cold Norway, was his fifth film in less than 18 months.

In Hollywood and Mexico, Harris made *Major Dundee* with Charlton Heston and a widely international cast; and he has completed three others in Italy: *The Red Desert* with Monica Vitti, for that archangel of intellectual directors, Antonioni; the mammoth production of *The Bible* ("*I play Cain—the world's first villain*"); and the much-publicised film with ex-Queen Soraya, *Three Faces Of A Woman*.

The Soraya film has three episodes, and Harris accepted the role of her lover in the *Famous Lovers* segment, after it had been refused by such stars as William Holden, Gregory Peck, Maximilian Schell and George Peppard. Only after his terms were met.

"Soraya's contract for the film was so tight," he said, "that various people refused to star with her. She had full script-approval—no one else.

"When I came on the scene, I said I'd take the part provided I got top billing—which I think took away the element of the Soraya gimmick—and that I had script-approval as well. I got both these things. I had to,

Continued on page 42

A SHOWTIME SUPPLEMENT SPOTLIGHTING FILMS THAT YOU CAN SEE NOW AND IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Not every boy has The Knack

Rita Tushingham, who handles comedy as well as she handles drama, has her zaniest role ever in this new Dick Lester film. Ray Brooks and Michael Crawford also star.

It was very important to Dick Lester that his first film after his sparkling picture with The Beatles should be a hit. *A Hard Day's Night* was a winner and many people looked to him for something as unusual and off-beat. Well, if they see *The Knack*, they won't be disappointed. Once again Lester has turned in a fresh and fast-moving film. Although is it vastly different from the Beatles' picture, it has one thing in common with *A Hard Day's Night*; it concerns young people—and if anyone knows how to tackle subjects concerning the young, it is Lester.

The Knack stars Rita Tushingham, Ray Brooks and Michael Crawford. It was made almost entirely on location in London and a lot of the action takes place in a fading, three-storey Victorian house in Shepherd's Bush.

What is 'the knack' referred to in the title? It is the knack of getting on with girls. Some boys have it, some boys don't. In this film, Ray Brooks is the lucky Romeo and Michael Crawford is left out in the cold.

When the two boys and Rita take the house in Shepherd's Bush, it soon becomes obvious to Crawford that he's missing out. The house is always full of girls but they are all after his pal. Rita? She's the girl in the middle.

The Knack is an unusual comedy. Dick Lester couldn't have chosen a better subject with which to follow *A Hard Day's Night*. And he will certainly delight those who were expecting something different.

MARY POPPINS

With his usual touch of magic, Walt Disney has taken a charming fantasy and turned it into a lavish production that must rank as his best ever. He has assembled the perfect cast and given them a good script and wonderful music; the result is a film that is a delight to the eye and ear.

Adapted from the stories by P. L. Travers, *Mary Poppins* tells of an English governess (Julie Andrews) who has magical powers. She uses them to transport her two young charges (Karen Dotrice and Matthew Garber) through a fantastic series of never-never-land adventures. In doing so they escape from the children's humorous but tyrannical father (David Tomlinson) and suffragette mother (Glynis Johns), to the company of Mary's friend, odd-job man, Bert.

Julie Andrews makes a screen debut that will long be remembered. She will captivate her audiences with her charm. The odd-job man, Bert, is an engaging character as played by Dick Van Dyke. He's in two show-stopping scenes: a memorable dance with Disney's near-human penguins, and a cavort over the roof tops of London with a chorus of chimney sweeps. The children, last seen in *The Three Lives Of Thomasina*, are completely natural.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

It isn't often you find two "foreign" stars taking the leading roles in big American musicals, so *The Sound Of Music* is something of a rarity if only for the fact that Julie Andrews and Canada's Christopher Plummer head the cast. And what a delightful and polished team they prove to be!

Julie plays a postulant-nun who can't come to grips with her feelings for the future. She is sent to act as governess to seven children, in the hope that it will give her a chance to decide what she wants to do. The children's father (Christopher Plummer) turns out to be a retired naval officer who runs his home more like a ship.

Although, at first, the children are not too sure about the governess, she soon wins them over.

But don't think this is *Mary Poppins* all over again. Julie's new governess role is very different from the magical Mary. She falls in love with the children's father who has been widowed several years earlier . . .

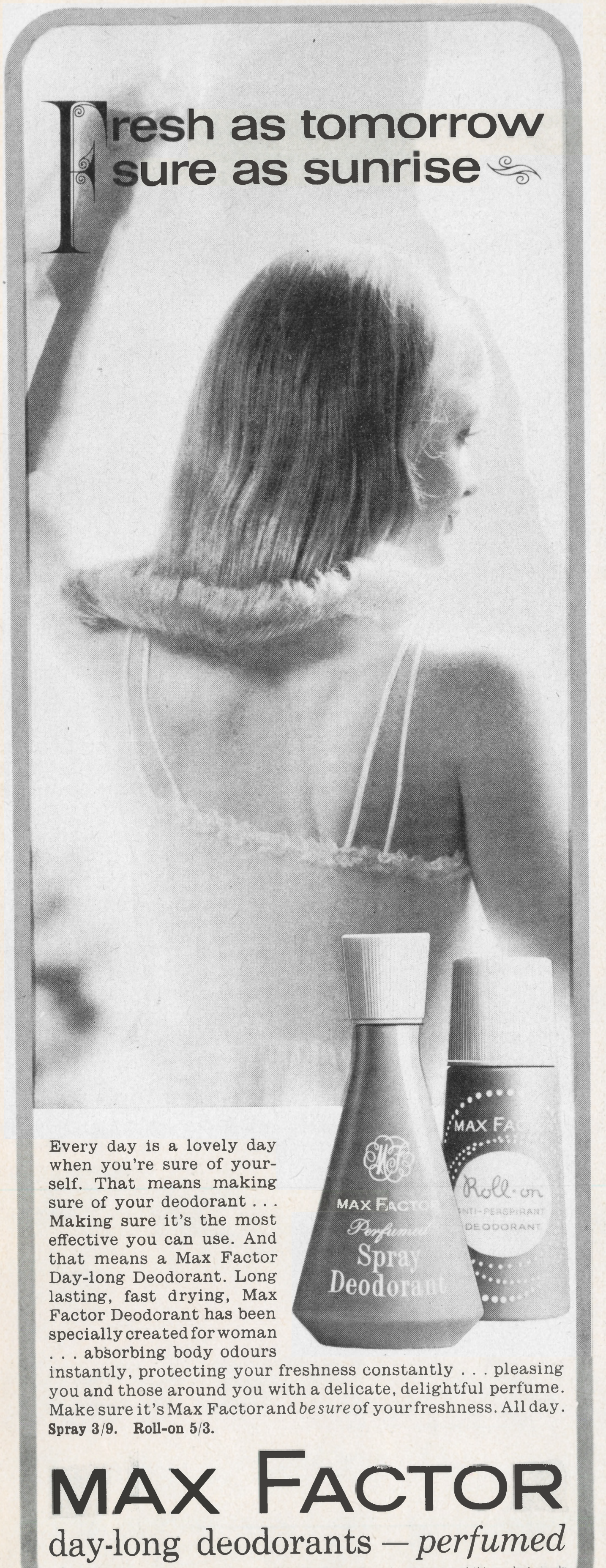
LORD JIM

The film is a triumph for Peter O'Toole, who plays the luckless Jim, the character Joseph Conrad brought vividly to life in his famous book.

Jim is a man with a tortured soul. A single act of cowardice changes his life and he begins a painful search for atonement.

O'Toole brilliantly gets under the skin of the tragic character. His fears, frustrations and pains are magnificently captured by the camera, which doesn't miss a thing.

(*Continued overleaf*)



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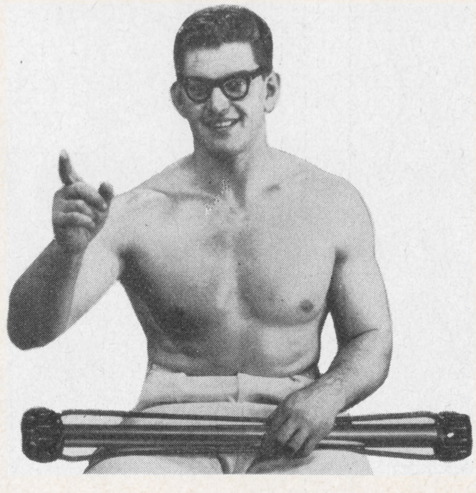

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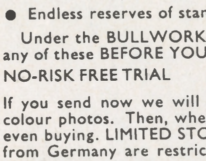

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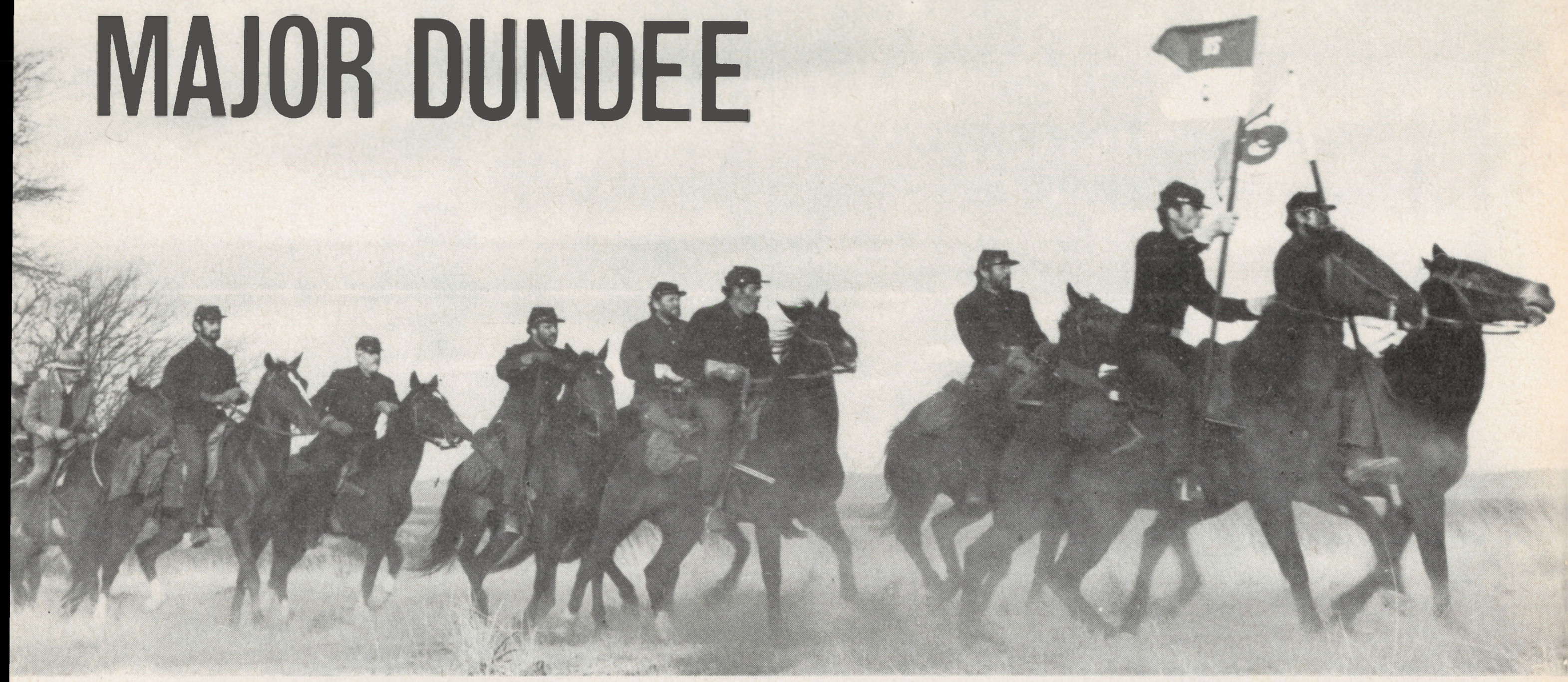


Conflict between the two men is inevitable.

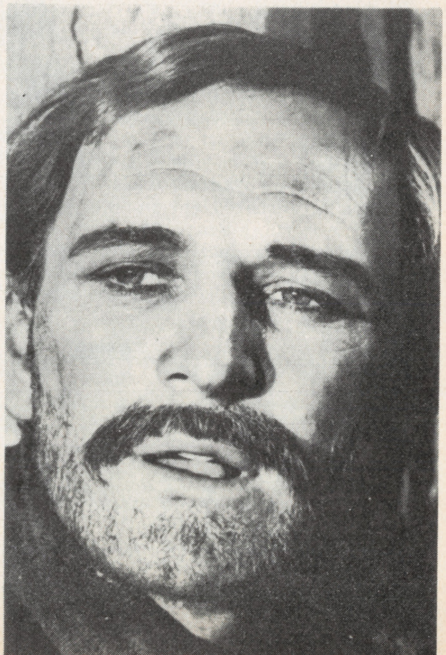
Heston as Dundee: a rough, tough soldier.

BATTLE, conquest and heroism have always played a big part in the best screen dramas, and so it is with *Major Dundee*, a colourful new picture starring Charlton Heston, Richard Harris and Senta Berger. It is an account of soldiers moved by hatred and frustration.

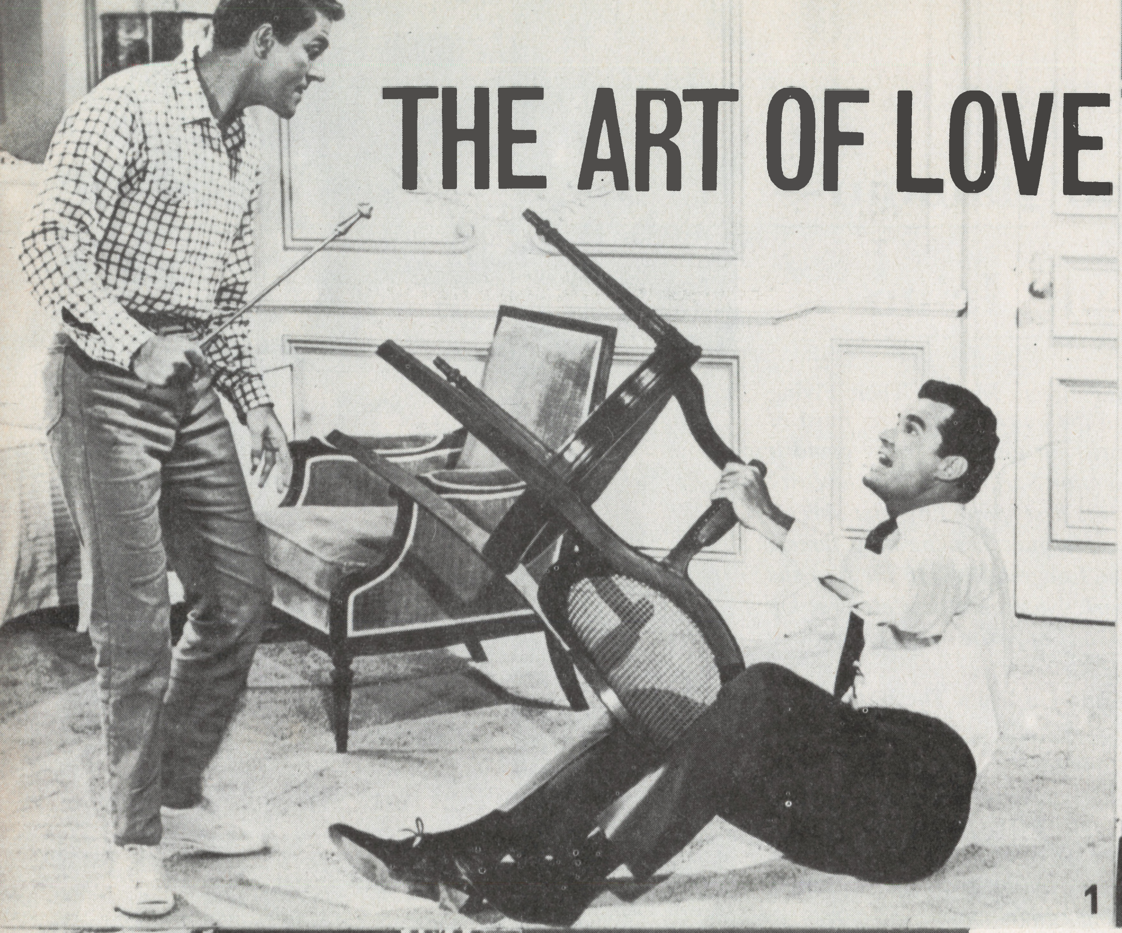
As producer Jerry Bresler says: "*Dundee* is about crusty, rough, tough men of the Union Cavalry and their hope for salvation, whether in the arms of a woman at home or on the end of a lance."

The story of *Major Dundee* begins at Fort Benlin, the headquarters of "B" Troop, 3rd U.S. Cavalry. The troop has been massacred by one Sierra Charriba, a man who has left a bloody Apache trail across the southwest. The murderous Indian has always escaped into Mexico after a sadistic bout of plunder. This time, however, he also kidnaps three small children from a ranch near the fort as bait to draw Federal troops below the border. Major Amos Charles Dundee (Heston), against better judgment, accepts the unspoken challenge. His task seems hopeless and, because of this, the film makes exciting cinema.

Richard Harris plays a man facing a charge of murder. Then Dundee comes to the rescue.



THE ART OF LOVE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ELKE Sommer may find it amusing when Dick Van Dyke turns on James Garner in the new comedy, *The Art Of Love*, but, in fact, it's no laughing matter!

In this new comedy Dick plays an artist who fakes his suicide because his friend (Garner) tells him no artist becomes popular until after his death. In hiding, Dick has the company of Elke, a beautiful girl who was also going to commit suicide (for real!) until the two boys arrive on the scene to save her.

The story becomes complicated when Elke falls in love with Dick, and Garner takes a romantic interest in Dick's fiancée (Angie Dickinson).

Then the police, finding no body, become intrigued by Dick's suicide . . .

1. Dick gets into a fight with James Garner when he learns that he has double-crossed him and romanced his fiancée.

2. Disgusted by his complete lack of success as a painter, Dick Van Dyke, an American artist in Paris, decides to throw away his paints.

3. Elke is rescued from the Seine. In the film she plays a French country girl who becomes romantically involved with Dick.

4. After her attempted suicide, Elke finds comfort from the man who has saved her from certain death.

5. The pose is not quite right, but Dick knows exactly what he wants.

6. Garner, by showing Angie Dickinson all of Dick's haunts, is destroying the image she has of her fiancée.

(*Continued overleaf*)

Providing the glamour—

Magnificent Irina

A*LTHOUGH, in* Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines, *it is the men and the machines that get most of the spotlight, the film is not without glamour. How could it be with Irina Demick (not to mention Sarah Miles) in the cast?*

Irina, a French ex-model, was first spotted by that shrewd showman, Darryl F. Zanuck. He gave her the only female role in his vast production, The Longest Day. *In the film she played a French Resistance girl. Now, in a new picture,* Up From The Beach *(see story on opposite page), she's a Resistance girl once again.*

In Those Magnificent Men *and* Up From The Beach *Irina gets her best roles yet.*

"At last I feel I'm getting somewhere," she says. "It seems to have taken a long time!

"These films gave me my best parts—particularly Magnificent Men *because I play six roles in that one; the six girl-friends of the French pilot, played by Jean-Pierre Cassel, one of my country's finest young comic-actors.*

"In one sequence, when he first sees me, I am posing in the nude for a painter (John le Mesurier). We shot that on a deserted beach near Dover. Very funny really, because we got there early in the morning, and guess what we found? That's right! A pretty girl in the nude . . . posing for a photographer. You should have seen them run!"

All seems idyllic for Senta Berger and Charlton Heston . . . but suddenly an arrow strikes and the fight is on.

Film star Irina Demick turns model again to show off the kind of hat granny used to wear.

Cover girl Senta

keeps busy . . .

SHOWTIME'S July cover girl, Senta Berger, is fast becoming one of Hollywood's most popular imports. And one look at this 24-year-old Austrian beauty will tell you why. She has all the ingredients that go to make a star: an eye-opening figure, a warm, sensuous face, intelligence and plenty of talent.

For Senta, everything seems to happen in pairs!

Major Dundee is Senta's first Western and she enjoyed the experience so much she stayed on in America, after the production was completed, to make another one: *The Glory Guys*. In this film she stars with Tom Tryon and Harve Presnell—and Britain's Michael Anderson, Jnr., one of her *Dundee* co-stars.

Soon after shooting was completed she was off to Israel for a drama, *The Day Of His Death*. She stayed on there, in order to join John Wayne and Kirk Douglas in *Cast A Giant Shadow*. Then it's back to Hollywood for two more pictures, *My Last Duchess*, and an all-star musical, Irving Berlin's *Say It With Music*.

From all this you will gather that Senta is a very busy girl. But she's used to the pace. Since Richard Widmark discovered her, in a theatre in Vienna, she hasn't stopped working.

The war film with a difference

CLIFF Robertson's new film, *Up From The Beach*, gets off to an exciting start. Set in Normandy on the day after the D-Day landing of Allied forces in 1944, Cliff, playing Sgt. Edward Baxter, leads the remnants of a squad of GIs along a country road. They stop at a farmhouse. Then, without warning, a burst of German machine-gun fire kills one of his men.

Inside the farmhouse, three SS troops are holding hostage a band of French civilians from the nearby village of Verville.

Baxter, with the help of one of the villagers, finally manages to break in and kill two of the Germans. However, the third man, a German Major (Marius Goring), survives the attack.

Having succeeded in freeing the villagers, Baxter is ordered to turn the Major over to the prison compound.

It is then that Baxter takes a special interest in the German who, it turns out, had been Commandant of the village for three years. The villagers describe him as a man who was "simply trying to do his best." He had, in fact, helped 15 Resistance fighters to escape from the vault of the Verville church where they had been held by the SS.

Busy Hollywood star Cliff Robertson goes to war. He plays the GI sergeant hero in *Up From The Beach*—which recounts the events of the day after *The Longest Day*.

This unusual war film has as its female star the French actress, Irina Demick.

Irina, who can also be seen in *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines* (see story top left), plays a Resistance fighter and the owner of the farm in which the villagers are held hostage.

Also starring in *Up From The Beach* are Slim Pickens, as the American Artillery Colonel who orders the evacuation of the villagers, and James Robertson Justice, as the British Beachmaster who refuses to allow the evacuation.

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DISC REVIEWS

by

RICHARD ANDREWS

DIONNE WARWICK can play for my team any day. When it comes to giving a pop song impact she's hard to beat.

On her latest LP, **The Sensitive Sound Of Dionne Warwick** (*Pye International*), the delightful Dionne shows us just how a love sòng should be handled. Every word is given a meaning because it comes straight from the heart.

Unchained Melody is the first number on the album and if ever a pop LP got off to a better start I'd like to hear it. The number has never sounded like this before.

When, in song, Dionne asks the questions *Who Can I Turn To? How Many Days Of Sadness? Is There Another Way To Love You?* (my special favourite) and *Where Can I Go Without You?* it is impossible not to be involved because each song is superbly sung and excitingly arranged.

Side 2 includes *You Can Have Him, Wives And Lovers* and *Forever My Love.*

This is the LP to create a romantic atmosphere. It is also the record to convince me that Dionne Warwick can now be considered one of the great album artists.

A Dash Of Genius

Johnny Dankworth composed all the music he and his orchestra play on his album, **Zodiac Variations** (*Fontana*), and it's very imaginative and clever.

Briefly, what Dankworth did was to take each star sign—Aquarius, Pisces and so on—and write music to suit the characteristics of each one. It must have been an enormous task but Johnny, with a dash of genius, has managed to produce a flowing, if sometimes flowery, LP.

Many distinguished guests—including Ronnie Scott, Bob Brookmeyer, Clark Terry and Ronnie Ross—appear on the album in solo spots, each one playing the composition featuring the zodiac sign under which he was born.

Sounds Like Searchers (*Pye Popular*) doesn't sound very special to me. Although they are usually one of my favourite pop groups, I think, with a few exceptions, the material the boys have chosen is mediocre. Even so, you can't cramp their style completely. Mike Pender's guitar work in *Everybody Come Clap Your Hands;* the group's playing of Burt Bacharach's *Magic Potion*, with Chris Curtis leading the vocal; an original treatment of Ray Charles' *A Tear Fell* provide the best moments.

Dear Heart And Other Songs About Love (*RCA Victor*) is Henry Mancini's first all-choral album and it's a winner.

Mancini's choral arrangements are simple but, nevertheless, brilliantly effective. Each track has been polished to perfection. It is obvious that the album has been made by a man who knows exactly what he wants—and how to get it.

Side 1 kicks off with a gentle melody, *Dear Heart*, but it doesn't set the mood for the whole LP. There's an original number, with a faster beat, called *The New Frankie And Johnny Song*; the amusing title song from the film, *Man's Favourite Sport*; and a sleepy arrangement of that old favourite, *Dream*. Mancini has also included the Beatles' number, *Can't Buy Me Love.*

I enjoyed all the tracks on this excellent album, but my favourite is Mancini's arrangement of his own song, *How Soon*. Written for *The Richard Boone Show*, it is one of the best romantic numbers composed in recent years. On this LP you will hear the best recording of it.

Like the film, the star of the soundtrack LP from **The Sound Of Music** is Julie Andrews. With personality bursting out of every note, Julie has made this album a great souvenir of the film. It is packed with good music, but I particularly liked *I Have Confidence In Me, My Favourite Things, Do-Re-Mi* and the title song. There's also that beautiful melody, *Climb Every Mountain*, which was recorded by Shirley Bassey some time ago.

Even if you haven't yet seen the film, this is an LP worth adding to your collection.

Swinging Classic

If you like your classical music served up in swinging style, splash out and buy an LP that will probably make conservative music lovers wince, but will give you a lot of enjoyment.

The LP to give you a classical music education in an off-beat way is **Peter And The Commissar** (*RCA Victor*), which Allan Sherman recorded with the Boston Pops Orchestra.

The fun starts when Sherman takes the famous composition, *Peter And The Wolf*, and changes the story and music. The result is a new composition, *Peter And The Wolf Bossa Nova*. This leads to *Beethoven's Fifth Cha-Cha-Cha, Brahm's Lullaby Rock 'n' Roll, Pete Tchaikovsky's Blues* and *Aida In Dixieland.*

That, I might tell you, is only the beginning. By the time the record has finished, Sherman and the orchestra have had great fun giving special treatments to Bizet, Lehar, Mozart and other famous classical composers.

The Sensitive Sound of DIONNE WARWICK
THE ZODIAC VARIATIONS
JOHN DANKWORTH
WITH HIS ORCHESTRA & GUESTS
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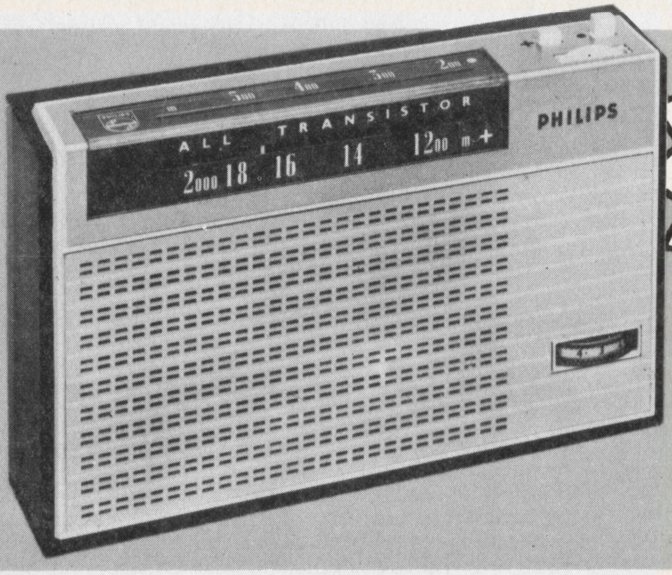

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THE

Sarah: Money is not that important after all.

For years the great heart-cry among hundreds of actresses and would-be actresses has been "British girls never get a chance. No one writes parts for US—only for the men."

Only now and again in a film would there be a part for the odd girl as a background wife or a subsidiary romantic interest. But that was about all.

Since the heyday of Margaret Lockwood, it was almost as if British films had completely forgotten that such attractions as women existed.

The only way a talented British girl could get on was to hop off to Hollywood—as did Deborah Kerr, Jean Simmons, Joan Collins, Audrey Hepburn and others. And it took Hollywood to bring out their great but latent talents.

Here at home we had Alec Guinness pictures, Dirk Bogarde pictures . . . pictures with Richard Attenborough, Anthony Steel, Jack Hawkins and Stanley Baker. About the only girl who made any real headway was Sylvia Syms.

But today, in a fast-changing Britain, with its new, though still confused, social climate, the old system has gone.

Now is the era of the Golden Girl. And in the words of the girls themselves: "It's all happening."

Julie Christie, Samantha Eggar, Susan Hampshire, Sarah Miles and Susannah York are all in great demand, and not only are they doing well in British films; they are forging ahead in international markets, too.

They are not interested in stardom for stardom's sake,

Susan: I wanted to prove I could do something really well.

And they are doing it on talent, personality, guts; but most of all because they are properly *TRAINED*. Not for these girls the old concepts of the big studio machines; not for them the silly, twittering borrowed-mink-stole attendances at *ANY* premiere, or the idiotic premise that "any publicity is good publicity." Definitely not for *them*.

Of course, they look desirable, have the right statistics and so on. But most of all, they have ability.

They know *NOT* to rush into the first part that comes along, and are prepared to tighten their girdles if necessary and *WAIT* for the right one.

If there is vanity, it is intelligently narcissistic rather than a mere concern with their physical looks.

They are so different from the girls who tried to make their way in films on the strength of "charm school" techniques and "glamour-type" publicity.

Some of those girls seeking film success a decade or so ago got quite a long way. Names like Anne Heywood, Maureen Swanson, Belinda Lee (killed so tragically in a car crash in Las Vegas), Jill Ireland, Vera Day, June Laverick, Eunice Gayson, Carole Lesley come to mind. So do the names of others like Anne Aubrey, Joan Rice, June Cunningham, Yvonne Buckingham and Bernice Swanson.

For many of these girls, marriage has meant their career taking second place. They have found that life with a husband they love is worth more than all the tinsel of film fame.

Many of them, of course, are still quite successful, but none of them has reached quite the international status of today's Golden Girl.

The old concept of the Sex Goddess has gone but a newer, more subtle image is emerging. Hollywood is not cultivating any more sex symbols, with the possible exception of Ann-Margret, who can sing, dance and act superbly—which is more than the old sex symbols could do.

But Europe is bursting at the seams now with girls who can be both serious actresses *AND* sensually exciting. And it is partly the immense increase in American film-making abroad that has given them their chance. Britain's sudden discovery of top girls is part of this. So let's take a look at Britain's new professionals—the Golden Girls.

GOLDEN GIRLS

First, JULIE CHRISTIE. When she first erupted on to the screen in *Billy Liar* as the free-living, swinging young Bohemian girl striding lithely through the grime of a smoky northern town, you *KNEW* that here was a new star.

Then came a delightful small part as a seductive Edwardian music-hall belle in *Young Cassidy*. In her next picture she played the amoral heroine of *Darling*, the Joseph Janni and John Schlesinger film about a greedy-for-sensation girl who spiritually crucifies herself in the sweet life world of Mayfair.

And now David Lean is directing 23-year-old Julie in *Dr. Zhivago*, the lyrically beautiful and passionate Boris Pasternak story of the Russian revolution and love. But more of Julie later.

Tall, red-headed SAMANTHA EGGAR, 24, is a girl who knows exactly what she wants and is getting it. She

Continued overleaf

says Mike Tomkies

Susannah: world fame is not my goal.

Julie: I want to do work I respect.

Samantha: I *want* to be a star . . .

THE GOLDEN GIRLS cont'd

told me two years ago: "I don't kid myself I don't want to be a star. I do."

Since she first appeared in *The Wild And The Willing*, she has played the murderer's girl-friend in *Dr. Crippen*; opposite Curt Jurgens in *Psyche* 59; and has recently finished *The Collector*, opposite Terence Stamp.

As Wyler made a world star out of Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday*, it's likely he may provide the same catalytic force for "Sam" in *The Collector*, a bizarre story about a frustrated butterfly-hunting bank clerk who wins a football pool, "collects" his dream girl and imprisons her in a country house.

Knocks To Her Ego

Sam, a brigadier's daughter, was educated in convents and put in 2½ years at Thanet Art School before she landed up in Chelsea with "vague ideas" about being an actress. It took her two years to convince her parents that she really wanted to act.

In the knock-about world of Chelsea with its would-be artists, actresses and cultivators of the artistic temperament without the art, a girl either develops a tremendous protective instinct or she goes under.

Sam didn't quite go under, though she admits she had two almost disastrous knocks to her ego—one after she had done two stage plays and a TV series then found herself out of work for nine months; the other, when she and Albert Finney were enamoured with each other and it didn't work out.

Sam matured fast. "Both experiences taught me I wasn't as good as I thought I was and I had better do something about it." This she did.

Sam has strong views. Her philosophy is: "Don't talk about it—do it." And she has knuckled down to the serious discipline of the theatre.

SUSAN HAMPSHIRE, 24, resembles Samantha and Julie Christie in that she too, comes from an upper middle-class background. Her father was a director of I.C.I. and she became involved in the debutante "whirl" before she rebelled against the futility of it all.

She has worked hard and done spells in rep. She didn't like her aquiline nose, so she snubbed it with the aid of 180 gns. and a plastic surgeon, and set out to overcome her initial handicap of always being cast as a typical English Rose.

Unmarried (and the last time I spoke to her, uncommitted), Susan lives alone in her own £10,000 house in Chelsea. She also owns the one next door.

She claims she is frail and vulnerable and perhaps, emotionally, she is. But she is tremendously ambitious and knows her own worth and what she wants from her career. She has turned down a big Hollywood deal and has refused a five-year contract offered her by a big British film company.

And she seems to be winning her solitary battle. Walt Disney starred her in *The Three Lives Of Thomasina*; MGM gave her equal billing with Albert Finney in *Night Must Fall;* and last year she co-starred with top 'pop' idol Cliff Richard in *Wonderful Life*. Since then she's been starring in the West End play, *Past Imperfect*.

Susan is constantly seeking perfection in herself, re-evaluating herself. "As a child I was surrounded by brilliant people. My mother and sister both taught, my father was a scientist but I, well, I just wasn't very clever. I wanted to prove I could do something well.

"When I was young I wanted very much for the person I fell in love with to care about me. At that age the only people I admired were film stars, so I thought if I could become one, then the person I fell in love with *WOULD* care about me.

"That was the way my childish mind worked when I was about nine! But when I got involved with acting, it became a craft, something to think and care about for its own sake. There is an enormous satisfaction when your work is well done and my original desire to be an actress has been replaced by my interest in the craft itself."

Though Susan may have taken up acting initially as a reaction against a feeling of inferiority, this is not what sustains her today. If it was, she couldn't have done as well as she has.

She says she is sometimes lonely and admits her single-mindedness about her career may change if she meets "the right man."

Susan wants the best in all things. If she doesn't find what she is looking for in a personal relationship, you can bet your life she will move mountains to find it in her career.

SARAH MILES, a 23-year-old product of Roedean School, is a surprising example of the new-generation actresses in that she manages to emanate a wild, sultry sensuality on screen although her figure is, at best, willowy and she weighs only around seven stone.

If she excited critics in her first film, *Term of Trial*, in which she acted with and impressed Sir Laurence Olivier, she almost set them alight when she played opposite Dirk Bogarde in *The Servant*. She was called "Wicked, wanton and wonderful."

None of this went to her head, for her sense of values is too real to be affected by sudden film fame. She is outspoken, even considered rude. Robert Morley is reported to have said of her: "I'll say one thing for Sarah Miles—she'll never lose her enemies."

Miss Miles, a cheroot smoker who lives alone in a £12,000 house in Kensington, isn't at all worried about her lack of popularity with certain people. In fact, she laughs it off. "If people hate me it's my fault. I make no effort to make myself liked," she says.

These new girls care little about being *liked*. What they want above all else is admiration and respect.

Scene In The Nude

Sarah turned her back on some sizable film offers in order to appear in brother Christopher's 30-minute experimental film, *The Six-sided Triangle*—which garnered even more critical whoops for her and established Christopher as a director.

Again, still not playing it safe, she appeared in Laurence Harvey's brave directorial debut, *The Ceremony*—a film panned by some critics as being too pretentious—and, against her better judgment, appeared in one scene in the nude.

She says she was furious to find that a couple of photographers had been sneaked in—especially when shots of her in the nude got into the papers. The principle being, presumably, that nudity is OK for cinematic art but not for newspaper art.

She didn't much like the "sexy" tag that was suddenly slipped round her neck, and said she found filming "a bit boring; in fact there's so much hanging about that you go crazy."

So when Sir Laurence Olivier invited her to join the National Theatre, she, conscious of her limited stage experience, leaped at the chance, despite the spectacular drop in pay.

She will be seen soon in the Fox comedy, *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*, but the really big challenge to her has been working at the National Theatre, where, she says, she was regarded at first with suspicion.

"I knew they were saying to each other: '*Aha, here comes the starlet. Now let's see if she can act.*' "

It was doubly hard for her when she had to leave rehearsals of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* after a meat bone had lodged in her throat.

Her debut came in *The Recruiting Officer*, followed by Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, directed by Sir Laurence.

By now she had won over her colleagues and was accepted. "I went to the National Theatre to learn and I have learned a great deal," she says.

Any girl who is prepared to subject herself to that discipline AFTER she's been acclaimed a new film star, and who can say, as she has, that "Money is not that important after all," deserves the international star status that should come her way.

The present queen of the Golden Girls is SUSANNAH YORK. She is the archetype and the first one to constantly

Continued on page 37

Susannah York with her latest co-star, Stanley Baker.

Tired? No wonder! Julie Christie is the busiest Golden Girl of them all.

**Stephen Boyd
who stars in
*Genghis Khan***

Who says women are all alike?

NOT SUNSILK, THE SHAMPOO FOR AN INDIVIDUALIST

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P.S. Have you tried new Sunsilk Hairspray—it lets your hair swing!

Sunsilk

FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Food fit for

Jack Hawkins samples one of his favourite dishes at Otello's. Elio and the chef look on—and, to their delight, Jack doesn't seem to have any complaints about the cooking.

If there is one thing a star enjoys more than getting his teeth into a good part, it's tackling a good Italian meal. Ask any actor or actress where he, or she, would like to dine and the answer is likely to be the same: *How about an Italian restaurant?*

Italian food is the most popular in London and some people say Italian cooking is the most exciting in the world. I, for one, am not going to argue.

There are dozens of Italian restaurants in London, and most of them are pretty good. However, my personal favourite is Trattoria da Otello in Dean Street, Soho. It is also the favourite of many celebrities. Elio and his chef, Salvatore, are often called upon to keep the stars happy . . . Jack Hawkins, Peter Finch, Trevor Howard, Maureen O'Hara, Samantha Eggar—these are just a few of the people who can be found enjoying the happy, relaxed atmosphere and the excellent food of this bright, friendly restaurant. Even King Umberto enjoyed an evening at Otello's!

When I joined Elio for lunch I told him I wanted to find out how to make Italian food fit for a king. I asked him how one achieved the delicious flavour they manage to capture in their cooking.

He was only too willing to oblige. With the help of Salvatore, he gave me the recipes of what many people consider to be Otello's seven best dishes. So, next time you are entertaining, why not try a couple of them? It will not only surprise your friends; it will also give them one of the most exciting home-cooked meals they have ever had.

by Mary Pappin

Note: *You should be able to get the ingredients mentioned from any of the bigger grocery stores. However, if you have difficulty with any, you can order them from King Bomba of Soho Ltd., 37 Old Compton Street, London, W.1. Where necessary, I have marked prices on the recipe. All foods are specially packed so that they will keep when posted.*

FIRST COURSE

Minestrone

Carrots
Celery
Leeks
Onions
Cabbage
Potatoes
Peas
Small tin peeled tomatoes
1½ pints stock
Oil for frying
Parmesan cheese (freshly grated if possible)

Dice very small an equal quantity of all these vegetables. (For four people about the equivalent of two large potatoes.) Fry in oil in large saucepan until brown, then add stock, salt and pepper. Serve when vegetables are soft (but not mushy) and make sure the soup is piping hot. Sprinkle cheese.

Antipasto (Italian hors d'oeuvres)

Salami
Coppa (4/- qtr.)
Mortadella (2/6 qtr.)
Proscuitto (6/- qtr.)
} *2 oz. of each of these meats should be enough for 4 people as you only need a little of each*

Tin of sardines
Tin of anchovy
Olives
Capers
Few slices hard-boiled egg
Tin of tuna fish
Lettuce
Tomato
Small tin of pimento

Arrange on plate, starting with lettuce, and serve with salad-dressing made of equal quantities of olive oil, Italian vinegar and a little dry mustard, salt and pepper. Remember to mix well.

Lasagne

This, my favourite of all Italian dishes, must be made in three parts. These are put together and baked just before serving.

You will need:
Pasta per Lasagne (4/- *lb.*)
Béchamel sauce
Bolognese sauce
Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

For the Béchamel sauce you will need:
1 oz. butter
½ pint milk
Salt and pepper
1 oz. flour
A few peppercorns (*optional*)
A little chopped onion, celery and carrot

Heat the milk with all the ingredients except the butter and flour and leave for ten minutes. Melt butter slowly in another pan to avoid burning. Add flour to butter and heat very slowly, at the same time gradually adding strained milk. Bring slowly to the boil stirring all the time. Remove from heat when mixture thickens.

For the Bolognese sauce you will need:
½ lb. mince
Small can tomato puree
1 tablespoon of olive oil
½ pint stock
1 sliced onion
1 oz. butter
Glass of red wine

Fry onion in butter and oil. Add mince, puree, stock, salt and pepper. Cook until thick and rich. Boil pasta for 15 minutes. Butter individual, heat-proof dishes and put in layers starting with the pasta and following with Béchamel sauce, Bolognese sauce and then another layer of pasta. Repeat this several times, ending with meat sauce on the top. Add grated Parmesan cheese and brown in a very hot oven. Serve very hot in the same dishes, sprinkling more Parmesan cheese according to taste.

BILL of FARE

Italian food is the most exciting in the world — here are the dishes that have made it so popular

a star (and, of course, the man in your life!)

Risotto alla Vastese

For four you will need:

- *¾ lb. Italian rice (King Bomba—1/9 lb.)*
- *Butter for frying*
- *Small packet frozen peas*
- *Chopped ham*
- *½ Mozzerrello (3/- per cheese. It does not keep too well)*

Boil rice and drain well. Melt about 2 oz. butter in pan. Add peas, ham and cheese. Cook very gently for a few minutes, then add rice. Stir gently for a little longer, season with salt and pepper and serve.

MAIN COURSES

For many Italian dishes a special stock is needed. The Italians call it Demiglass and it is made by browning carrots, onions, a little rosemary and garlic in oil and adding a little flour. You can also add some veal bones and a small tin of tomato paste. Cover with water, bring to the boil and simmer slowly for 4 hours. This should, of course, be prepared in advance.

Escaloppa di Vitello Capriccio

You will need:

- *2 very thin slices of veal per person*
- *1 slice Cheddar cheese per person*
- *1 slice ham per person*
- *A little flour*
- *A little oil*
- *Demiglass*
- *White wine*

Place cheese and ham between veal slices and flour the outside. Cook in oil for 5 minutes. (Use as little oil as possible.) Pour over enough Demiglass to cover the meat. Allow to cook slowly until it thickens, then add some white wine, salt and pepper. Cook for a few more minutes and serve with chipped potatoes and vegetables in season.

Bistecca di Manzo Pizzaiola

You will need:

- *Entrecote or Rump steak (1 per person)*
- *Clove garlic*
- *Oil for frying*
- *White wine*
- *Medium tin of tomato puree*
- *Origan*

Cook steak in oil. Add crushed garlic, tomato puree, a pinch of origan, salt and pepper, a little white wine. Cook for a further 5 minutes and serve with creamed or chipped potatoes and vegetables.

Spiedino alla Sanremese (Kebabs with Rice)

You will need various meats for this dish and, if you tell your butcher how many you are cooking for, he will advise you as to the amounts you will need. The meats you require are: beef, veal, liver, lamb and kidneys. These should be cut in cubes, rubbed in flour and put on skewers. Heat oil slowly in pan and cook meat very gently. Add white wine, Demiglass, salt and pepper and simmer gently until tender.

Boil Italian rice until tender, then dry in sieve in warm oven. Melt about 2 oz. butter in frying pan. Add some chopped pimento, which can be bought in small tins, tinned petit pois and rice. Serve rice mixture on plates, remove meat from skewers and place on top. Finally, pour the sauce the meat has cooked in over the whole thing.

Maureen O'Hara dropped in at Otello's and couldn't resist a quick visit to the kitchen to see how the food was prepared

Too many cooks spoil the broth? Not at this restaurant . . . Maureen is determined to find out all she can about Italian cooking

Now all the ingredients are ready — even director Delmer Daves (on Maureen's right) becomes interested in what is going on in the busy kitchen

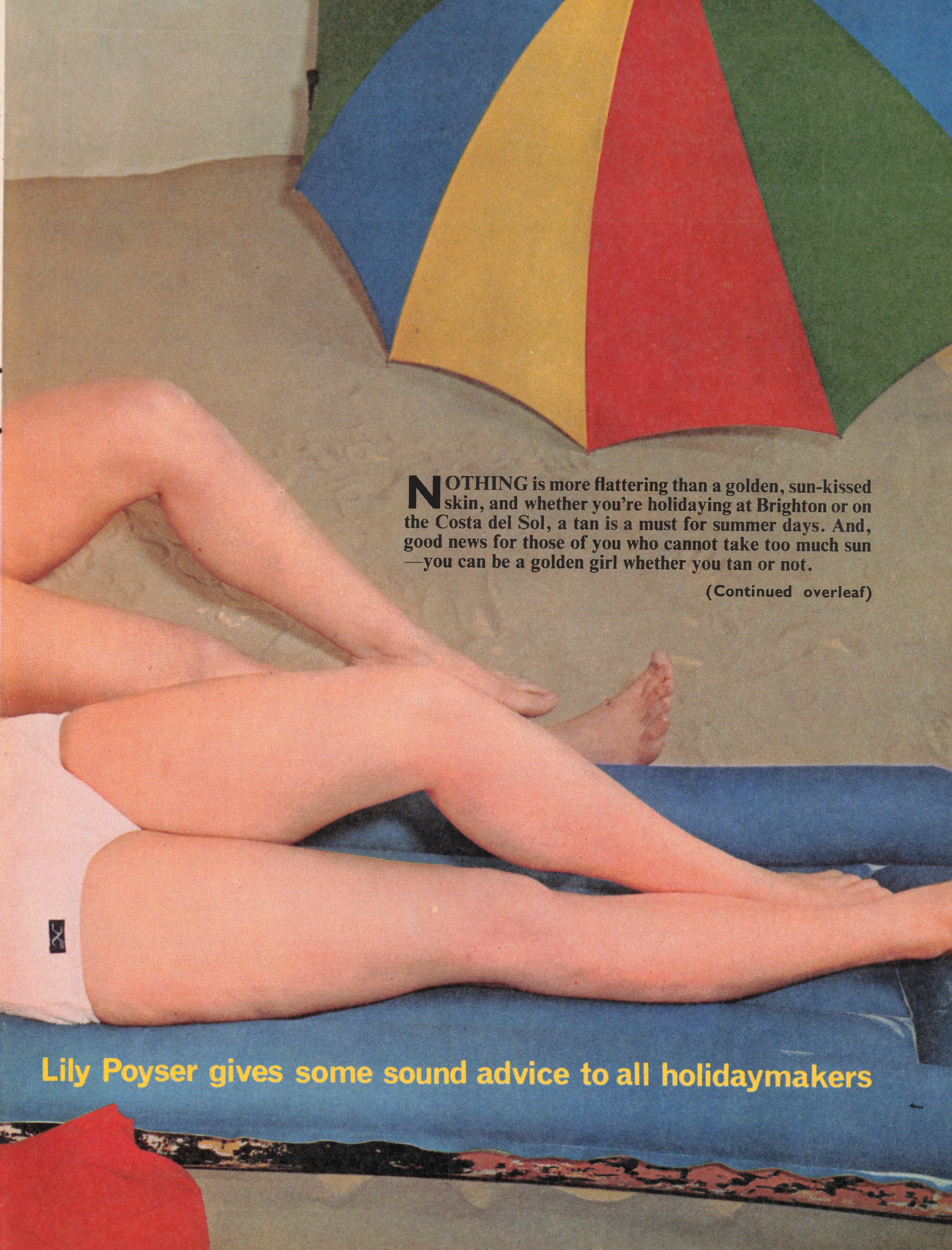
After the cooking lesson it's time to relax and enjoy some Italian music — and, of course, the delicious food!

SUNKISSED–not SUNBURNED

blonde, brunette or redhead...that must be your aim this summer

LUXURY
LILO

Enjoying the sun: Alexandra Stevenson (in sun-glasses) and Linda Cole. The girls can be seen in the new comedy, *You Must Be Joking*. (Picture by Marc Sharratt.)



NOTHING is more flattering than a golden, sun-kissed skin, and whether you're holidaying at Brighton or on the Costa del Sol, a tan is a must for summer days. And, good news for those of you who cannot take too much sun—you can be a golden girl whether you tan or not.

(Continued overleaf)

Lily Poyser gives some sound advice to all holidaymakers

SUNKISSED

Continued

It's all done with make-up, as any film star knows. For when they are filming, they are not allowed to tan.

Imagine the consternation of the director trying to match up shots of a heroine who started out city-pale and finished up looking golden.

But no matter, if a star wants to *look* sun-tanned, she can. Almost anything can be done with make-up—and the beauty of it is, it all comes off with a tissue. Here's how, for those of you who would like a tan, but cannot take the sun.

FOR THE CAN'T-TAN SKIN

If you have the kind of skin that stays white no matter what, or the kind that burns like a lobster, you're quite right to stay away from the sun. But you can still have a sun-tanned look—not deep, because this would look wrong and artificial, but delicately and attractively golden. You can choose between a solid or liquid foundation—though I find that the liquid kind looks more alive and glowing.

Begin your foundation with one of the lighter tans, just a shade darker than your skin. Smooth it all over your face and neck. Over this, use powder just a shade darker, and keep your eye-shadow and eyebrow pencil soft. If they are too heavy, they will make your skin look paler. Lipstick should be in a clear coral or orange shade, and again, not too heavy. The whole essence of this make-up is delicacy: if you're too heavy with the make-up it will look wrong on you. What you're aiming for is a pale gold look, which is beautifully right for your skin.

If you can take the sun, you should still know how to enhance your tan with the right make-up, so that you achieve the golden brown look, not too red and not too leathery looking.

FOR THE MEDIUM TAN

This is the tan which most of us acquire, and you need very little make-up with it. But what make-up you do have should be right. If you have lighter patches under your eyes or under the chin, or your nose or neck has become a little over-red, use a medium tan foundation and powder, and blend so that your face and neck become an even and glorious colour. Be careful to avoid a pinkish or yellowish make-up: a neutral tan is the best.

You can emphasise your eyes and brows a little more than when you were pale, and lipstick should be a clear colour, not too pale. If you do need a touch of rouge, match it with your lipstick. But if possible, avoid the too-pink shades; they don't go too well with the golden tan look. As for powder, don't use it unless your skin is greasy: a little shine, after all, is part of the attraction of a sun tan.

FOR THE DEEP TAN

First, a warning! Don't compete to see who comes back with the deepest tan. You've all seen the female with a skin like an old leather saddle and it's not pretty. Too much sun is bad for your skin; it coarsens and enlarges the pores. But if you tan well and go a reasonably deep shade, you scarcely need any make-up. A smidgin of foundation—golden brown to keep your skin from looking too leathery, and the merest touch of powder on over-shiny areas. Concentrate on the eyes and on your lipstick: the eyes need good make-up, using eye-shadow, liner and pencil skilfully, or they tend to fade out against your tan. Lipstick should be vibrant; orange or coral shades look best with a deep tan.

Now for a few do's and don'ts about acquiring that tan, garnered from sun-loving stars who value their skin.

CHOOSE YOUR SUN-TAN PREPARATION WITH CARE

Everyone needs protection in the sun, some more than others, of course. And as some preparations give more protection than others, choose the one that's right for you. Find out by careful testing whether you should use an oil, lotion, cream or jelly. And never, ever use baby oil or plain oil; they contain no sun-screening ingredient and you'll just fry like an egg. If freckles are your problem, use a preparation that will screen out the burning rays. Most preparations do allow some to come through, but don't worry—a scattering of freckles can be most attractive.

USE YOUR SUN-TAN PREPARATION CONTINUOUSLY

Yes, even after you have a tan. For you can get quite a painful sunburn over even a deep tan. Always re-apply the preparation yourself after swimming, and at least every two hours while you're out in the sun.

WATCH TROUBLE AREAS

Pay particular attention to your shoulders, nose, lips, and the back of your knees. Too much sun in these spots can spell trouble. And, most important, if you're lying on your tummy in the hot sun, cover up the nape of your neck with a scarf or a handkerchief. Too much sun here can easily cause sunstroke.

When you've had sufficient sun on your shoulders, cover up with a towel. Nose, lips and even eyelids can be protected with special cream or jelly, but if you think that looks unattractive, a coating of pancake make-up on the nose, lipstick and eye-shadow can all be used over the jelly to give twice as much protection.

TIME YOUR SUNBATHING SENSIBLY

No matter how much you want a gorgeous tan, try to do it in one day and you'll end up under cover for the rest of your holidays, with blisters and peeling skin. Dangerous sunburn may even be the result.

Twenty minutes the first day is enough for most people, and then **NOT** in the heat of the midday sun. You can increase the time daily, according to how well you can take it.

DIFFERENT PLACES PRODUCE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SUNBURN

If you're boating or water-ski-ing, you have both sun and wind to worry about, and the reflection of the sun on water is twice as potent. If you're holidaying in the mountains, remember that high altitudes produce a quicker sunburn. Always take extra precautions.

WATCH OUT FOR CLOUDY DAYS . . .

. . . they can be just as dangerous as sunny days. You can still get a bad sunburn even when the sun isn't shining all the time.

AFTER THE SUNBATHING IS IMPORTANT TOO

Even the best of you "tanners" will get your skin flaking, which isn't pretty, and it's particularly likely to happen on the legs, where you use either a depilatory or shave. An effective way to prevent this is to use an oil or cream when you take your bath or shower right after the beach. Use a lubricant all over your body. Pure lanolin and some of the heavier sun-tan creams are excellent for this purpose.

IF YOU FOOLISHLY GET TOO MUCH SUNBURN . . .

. . . treat it immediately. There are many remedies on the market for slight sunburn, but if your burn is more severe and painful, here are three remedies that really work. Apply vinegar liberally with cotton wool (it will sting like blazes at first, but it does the trick); dissolve about a pound of baking soda in a lukewarm bath and soak; apply grated potato directly to the burn.

But there's no need to go through the sunburn-and-peeling nonsense. Follow the few simple rules I've given you—and you can look golden and glorious with or without sun all through the summer.

JANE FONDA

Continued from page 7.

already has her own independence. He has less to teach her."

Except, of course, regarding her appearance.

HE HAS MADE HER BLEACH HER HAIR LIGHTER THAN ITS NATURAL DARK HONEY. HE HAS TAUGHT HER TO UNDERPLAY HER SLIGHTLY HEAVY MOUTH AND JAW BY SOFTENING HER MAKE-UP. HE HAS, ABOVE ALL, TAUGHT HER HOW TO RELAX.

The result is that Jane, who like so many other American stars used to go to a psychiatrist, has given up this particular habit: "I find I don't need it any more."

She has, too, a more relaxed attitude towards her career: "I used to make two or three films a year and they worried me a lot.

"But now I realise my career is not all that important to me. It is not the most important thing in my life any more. I could even give it up if I had to."

She agrees, wryly, that worrying less about her career has, perversely, helped her to succeed more.

Will They Marry?

In fact, Jane is probably the biggest star to emerge from Hollywood in the last few years. *Sunday In New York* was a success. *La Ronde*, her film with Vadim, is packing them in at art houses. Her new film is *Cat Ballou*, in which she plays a pistol-packing young woman. And she has just signed to make a film with Marlon Brando.

She is fairly exacting about her leading men: "Most actors are so obsessed with thinking only of themselves, and their part in the film, that they are terribly inconsiderate. People acting with them just don't matter.

"My two favourite leading men so far are Rod Taylor and Peter Finch. I was in *Sunday In New York* with Rod and in *The Cool Of The Day* with Peter. Both were happy experiences."

BUT, OF COURSE, THE MAN WHO HAS TAUGHT HER MOST IS STILL ROGER VADIM. WILL THEY MARRY? NO ONE KNOWS—WEDDING DATES HAVE BEEN FIXED AND BROKEN. BUT IT COULD BE HER FATHER'S UNSUCCESSFUL MARRIAGES AND VADIM'S TWO ATTEMPTS MAKE THE COOL MISS FONDA MORE THAN A LITTLE CAUTIOUS.

The two men in her life have certainly taught her how to mix a dash of hard realism into the business of romance. And the lesson does not seem to have saddened her in the slightest.

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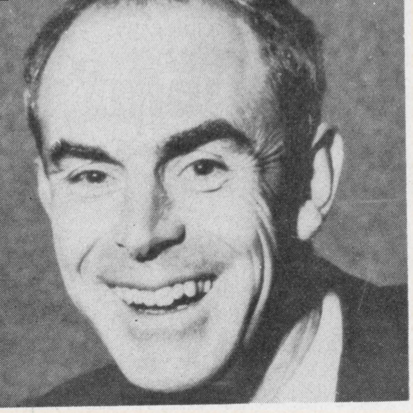


THE Dick Tatham COLUMN

All the latest pop news

YES, DONOVAN'S HERE TO STAY!

One of the hottest properties on the disc scene these days is a folk-style singer named Donovan. He comes from Hatfield, Herts. His sensitive face is topped by an anarchy of black curls. They, in turn, are topped—except possibly when he's in bed—by a slouchy peaked cap.

"I bought it for a dollar off a fisherman in Devon," he explains.

Donovan has zoomed dramatically from a wandering minstrel to a teenage idol in just a few months. He had built a mass following through the *Ready Steady Go* TV show even *before* the release of his first disc, *Catch The Wind*. The big impact of that disc on the charts, plus countless arguments as to whether Donovan is just a carbon copy of America's Bob Dylan, boosted still further the wattage of the spotlight directed at him.

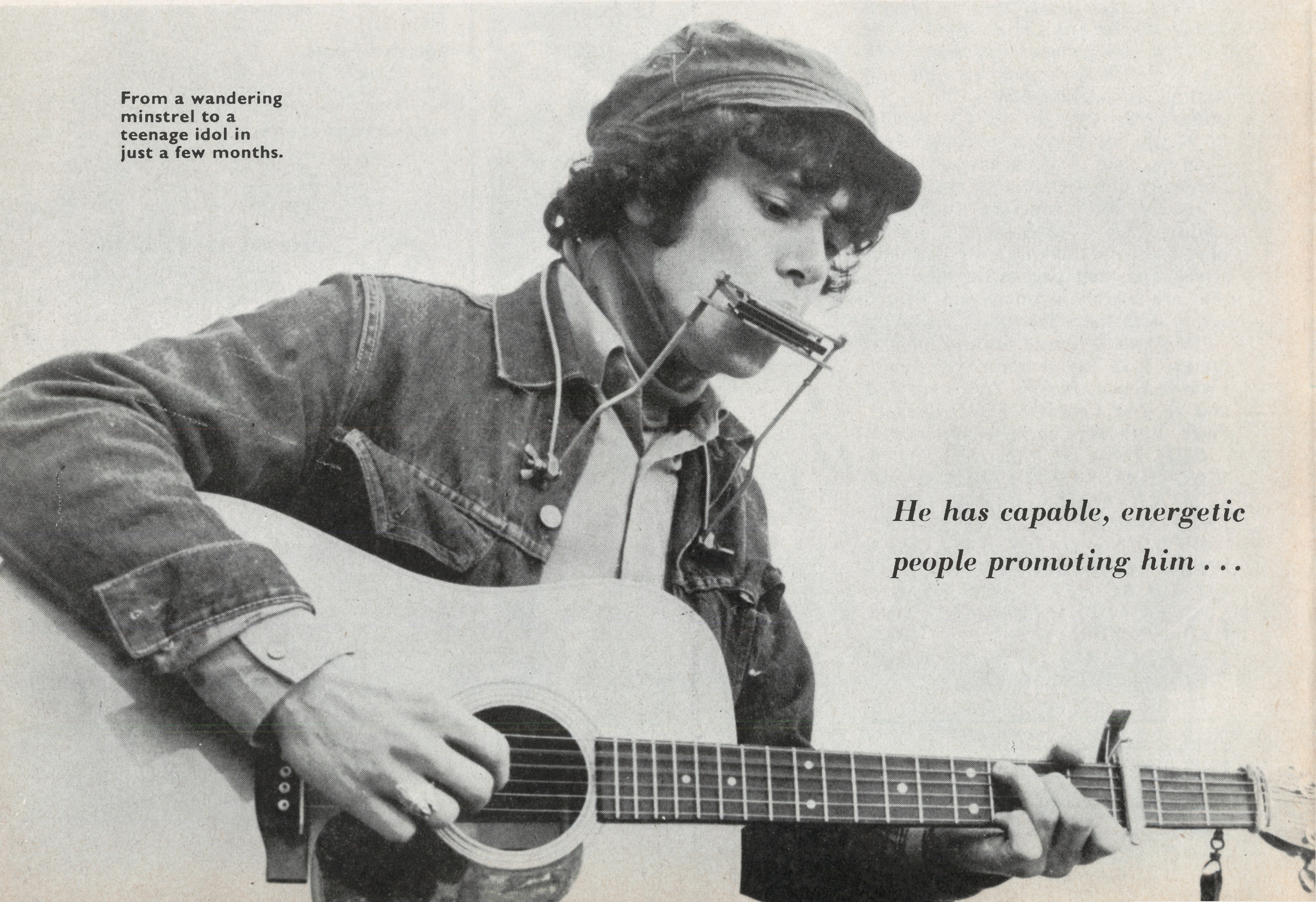
All this, to my mind, adds up to one salient question: *is Donovan the Phenomenon just a fleeting sensation on the disc scene—or is he set to become a lasting teenage idol?*

I have watched Donovan's career from way back before the release of his first disc. **I have** spoken to him about his career. **I have** talked to the people responsible for promoting him. **My view?** He is going to be on the scene for a very long time.

Here are my reasons for saying he is not merely a flash in the pop-pan.

- He is only 19 and, in the eyes of masses of teenage fans, this is in his favour—especially at a time when a big proportion of the established idols (Cliff, The Beatles, Adam Faith, Billy Fury and others) are nearer 25 than 20.
- He has a useful amount of talent. By the not-very-exacting standards of the pop world, he can sing. He can play guitar and harmonica and is a prolific songwriter. (*Catch The Wind* was his own work.)
- He has capable, energetic people promoting him . . .

Take, for example, Terry Kennedy. You may think it unlikely for there to be a link between Donovan and Terry



From a wandering minstrel to a teenage idol in just a few months.

He has capable, energetic people promoting him . . .

Dene, the rock star of 1957. But, through Terry Kennedy, there is. He and his Rockers were brought in to back Dene at a time when the latter was being given a big build-up. Since then Terry has been actively on the scene in one capacity or another.

HIS EXPERIENCE OF THE POP 'N' BEAT WORLD IS VAST AND THIS EXPERIENCE HE BRINGS TO BEAR AT DONOVAN'S RECORDING SESSIONS.

Last time I saw Terry Kennedy was a few weeks ago at a party. And he was hopping mad.

"It's crazy," he told me. "Just because Donovan is being launched by people who know the business well, some folk are saying it's all just a commercial, tongue-in-cheek deal. That's utter rubbish. All of us working with Donovan are doing so because we think he has talent and that he *deserves* to become a star."

Then there is Geoff Stephens. Remember those hits of a few months ago . . . Dave Berry's *The Crying Game* and The Applejacks' *Tell Me When?*

They were written by this ex-schoolmaster from Southend who is now Donovan's co-manager.

'An absolute sensation'

I remember him telling me on the phone several months ago that he had heard Donovan sing at a club in Southend.

"He will be an absolute sensation," he told me.

I took notice of that because Geoff is not a man to get excited over nothing. His experience of the song world is bound to prove a valuable asset to Donovan.

You can also add Bobby Britton to the list of men helping Donovan. Ted Heath fans will remember him for sure.

When those gifted singers Dickie Valentine and Dennis Lotis left the Heath band to go solo in the mid-fifties, Bobby took over.

These days Bobby is professional manager at Southern Music, which is connected with Donovan through its Artists' Division and through publishing his songs.

"I RECKON I'VE SEEN A PRETTY FAIR AMOUNT OF THE BUSINESS," BOBBY TOLD ME WHEN WE TALKED ABOUT DONOVAN. "THEREFORE I DON'T THROW PREDICTIONS AROUND WITHOUT GOOD REASON. BUT I THINK DONOVAN HAS EVERYTHING IT TAKES TO HIT THE TOP AND STAY THERE A LONG TIME."

Which brings us to Donovan himself . . . Talking to him, I have been greatly impressed by the kind of person he is; quiet, a little shy—but highly intelligent and with a keen sense of humour. But perhaps the most striking thing about him is his independent outlook.

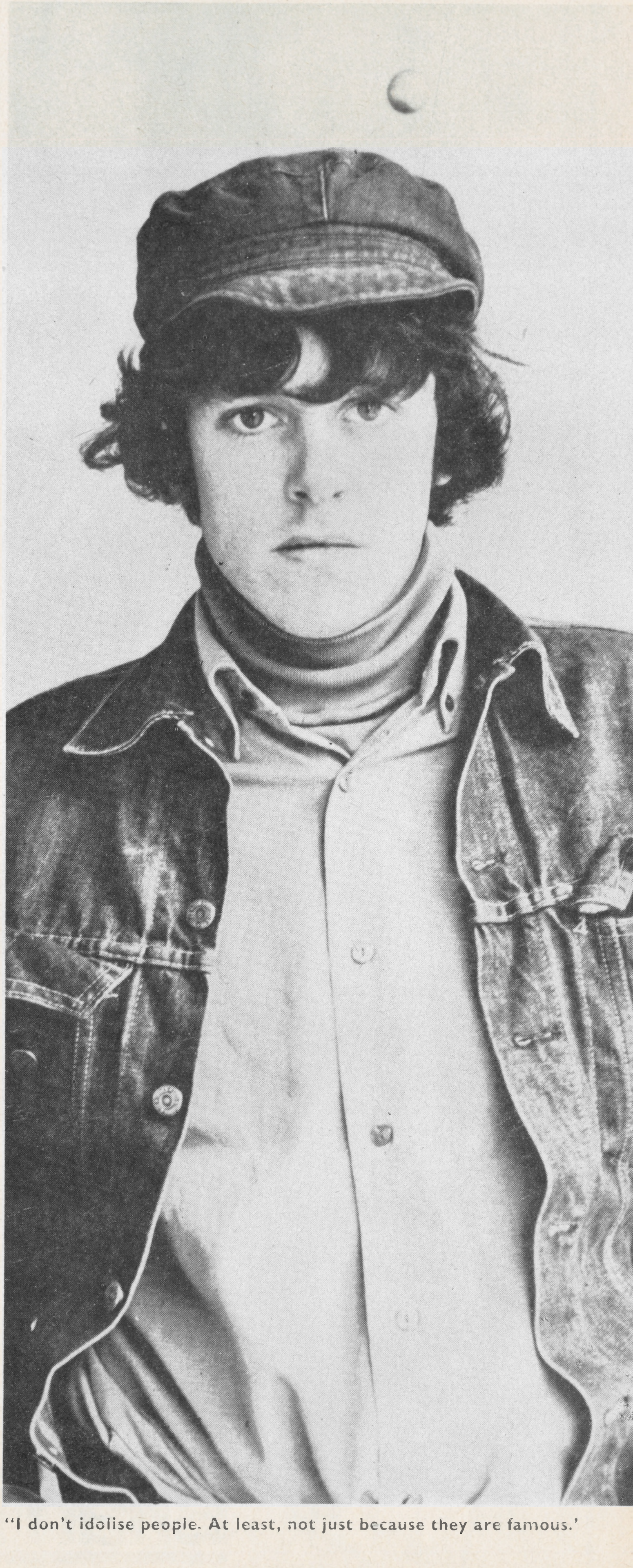
A knock-out success . . .

For example, most newcomers to the scene are excited at meeting star performers. I asked Donovan if this was true of him.

"Truthfully, no," he answered. "I don't idolise people. At least, not just because they are famous. I judge a show business star on the same basis as I would judge a carpenter or a coal-miner—on what he is like as a person.

"On that basis, I can tell you of the people I have met so far in the business. I have a lot of time for Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones, Gene Pitney, Wayne Fontana and the Zombies. They are great, down-to-earth people."

Well, they don't come more down-to-earth than Donovan. I shall watch his progress with special interest. He is keeping reasonably busy this summer, but the real test will come in the last week of September. He then takes the road as star of a big package show which is due to last 28 days. My bet is it will be a knock-out success for the boy from Hatfield.



"I don't idolise people. At least, not just because they are famous.'

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FLAP A

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THE GOLDEN GIRLS

Continued from page 25

turn her back on the easy pickings of movie fame and to return to the theatre to keep in touch with the first principles of her work.

Now 24, she has been happily married to virtually unknown actor Michael Wells since she was 18. She has never been affected by the trappings of stardom.

"I hate to think in terms of becoming an international star," she says. "That kind of goal is rather terrifying and it's never been mine."

She has frequently turned down Hollywood offers because of this, although she admits her marriage has been partly the reason. She is well aware of what long-term separations can do to show business marriages, and is not prepared to risk her happiness just to become a star.

But behind her international film successes lie years of hard preparation. Born in London during the air raids, she grew up on a remote Scottish farm, and is the daughter of a successful businessman who later became a genetics expert.

Her First Film Role

During her two years at RADA she won two top awards. Then came five months with Worthing Rep. She learned French by working in a Swiss hotel and went on trips to Rome and Florence to increase her knowledge of art and literature.

She gave dazzling TV performances before winning her first film role as Sir Alec Guinness' daughter in *Tunes Of Glory*. She played a girl wakening to maturity in *The Greengage Summer*—a performance that compelled John Huston to give her a leading role opposite Montgomery Clift in *Freud—The Secret Passion*. The film was a box-office failure, but Susannah emerged unscathed by following it up with her part as the blooming heroine in *Tom Jones*.

Then came another disappointment. She starred opposite William Holden and Capucine in *The Seventh Dawn*, which was not a big success.

So, for nearly two years, Susannah didn't make a film, except for a short 20-minute experimental feature. Instead, she did a season at the Bristol Old Vic with her husband; nine months in the West End play, *Wings Of The Dove*; three TV plays; and another West End play, *A Singular Man*.

Recently, in Africa, she made *Sands Of The Kalahari* with Stanley Baker and Stuart Whitman. She knows she cannot afford not to make a big film for too long.

The most striking feature about Susannah York is her absolute integrity. She won't take part in any TV panel games; she refuses to pose for pin-ups; and never is she seen with the fashionable showbiz night-life set around town.

"I want to act and that's all," she explains. "I have no interest in being a 'celebrity', because then you have to live up to being a celebrity in your private life, and that I could not bear.

"The world of films is often a world of false values. Just because I'm billed as a star, it would be terribly easy to convince myself that I am something rather smashing. Basically, inside, I know I am not," adds Susannah.

She knows that if she "bent" her principles she would get to the top of the international tree so very much quicker, but perhaps she knows, too, by achieving success that way, her fall could be just as quick.

So these are the new Golden Girls of Britain. Who among them will emerge as our No. 1 world beater? It's hard to tell.

I think Samantha Eggar may well find her career restricted through the ties of marriage. Husband Tom Stern has his career basically in Hollywood and America, whereas Sam has roots in Britain. There will have to be sacrifices on both sides.

Her first three films hardly turned her into a big international name, though *The Collector* may do just that.

Susan Hampshire, with her extreme sensitivity (she admits to being something of an introvert), would like to be married and very much desires to have deep personal roots.

She still *needs* that one big, successful film to put her in the running.

Though Susannah York has made more international films than any of them, her image remains, up to now, essentially rather British and lady-like.

She is happily married, a state she does not wish to jeopardise. Her ultra-sensitivity and dislike of ballyhoo may hold her back.

Sarah Miles hit home in a big way in *The Servant*, and it remains to be seen what her role in *Flying Machines* will do for her.

Her physical slimness and a rather British air about her may prove a problem.

Remember that these British Golden Girls have to compete with the best of the Continental girls. And international tastes demand not only great acting talent, but a new-type inherent sexiness too.

The Choice Is Julie

So, if I have to choose one British girl who will become a real world beater, I must pick Julie Christie.

Joseph Janni and John Schlesinger knew what they were doing when they put her into *Billy Liar* and signed her to a three-year contract. Two of the shrewdest men in films, they are carefully guiding her career, helping her choose the right roles.

She was an instantaneous hit in *Billy Liar;* her electrifying performance as the music-hall belle in *Young Cassidy* outshone for a moment or two the performance of Rod Taylor as the young Sean O'Casey; and then there is her role in *Darling*.

I predict that *Darling* will do the trick for Julie. But if it doesn't, there is always her performance as the tragic Lara, heroine of *Dr. Zhivago*, under the inspired direction of David Lean.

When you consider what the combined talents of Lean and Peter O'Toole achieved in *Lawrence Of Arabia*, you get some idea of what magic could happen between David Lean and Julie Christie.

"I chose her," he says, "because of her great potential."

Julie is a proud girl, friendly and free of all phoney values.

Her friends are usually the poor, struggling artists, poets, writers and painters of the Chelsea and Earls Court bed-sitter communities.

For as many as a dozen of them at a time, she sometimes cooks such strange dishes as "Cypriot stew".

She lives in an unpretentious leasehold flat on the 'wrong' Olympia side of Kensington. It's an extremely functional pad which she decorated herself.

When she travels, her luggage may consist only of a straw bag. "It's my life," she says. "Everything I really need is in there. That way I feel free. What I can't get in there doesn't count." The bag is a symbol of her desire to be free.

Born in Assam, India, daughter of a former tea planter, she was educated in convents and boarding-schools there and in England, some seven in all. "I was a terrible child, always talking," she tells you. "The other girls called me Bugs because I was like Bugs Bunny. I even got expelled from one school," she adds candidly, with a flick of her shoulder-length blonde hair and a laugh in her lynx-like blue eyes.

After a spell at Brighton Technical College where she took her 'A' levels, Julie passed an audition for the Central School of Speech and Drama and studied there for three years.

"I Was So Broke . . ."

She led a somewhat nomadic existence among the London actor/beatnik fringe. "One term I was so broke I didn't live anywhere special. I just dossed down in the flats of friends. It was a horrible lost period, but after one term, I straightened myself out."

Her first professional part was in the BBC TV series *A For Andromeda*. Then came the films *Crooks Anonymous* and *The Fast Lady*, which was really all about a fast car. Miss Christie made more of an impact than the car, however. Then Janni and Schlesinger stepped in . . .

Julie told me: "All I want to do is act and do work I respect. I'm independent, but I love and need people; that is why I have so many friends. I take most things in life pretty light-heartedly, except my work."

She has many friends, but she is cautious about the one single romantic involvement. "I get serious when I start new friendships, but not usually for long, because I *know* they won't last."

She admits, laughingly, that many men have told her they love her but she finds it difficult to fall in love in return because she is looking for the "real, super, bang-on relationship."

Right now, however, her freedom is more important than anything else. If she can keep this freedom to think, to move, to work, to follow the right road without compromising herself, she will be a great star.

I wish her luck. For she will need that too, of course.

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FILM GOSSIP

Continued from page 5

I MET DRIVING ACE **STIRLING MOSS** IN A NEW GUISE—TECHNICAL ADVISER ON **STEVE McQUEEN'S** EPIC MOTOR-RACING FILM, *THE CRUEL SPORT*. "I'M JUST MAKING SURE THEY DON'T MAKE TOO MANY OF THE OBVIOUS MISTAKES, SO OFTEN SEEN IN THIS KIND OF FILM," SAID STIRLING. "I'M DELIGHTED WITH THE JOB, FOR I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF STEVE'S AND ADMIRE HIS TALENT BOTH AS AN ACTOR AND RACING DRIVER. I ALSO HAVE GREAT FAITH IN DIRECTOR **JOHN STURGES**." SHOULD BE A GREAT FILM.

America's latest Negro comic sensation **GODFREY CAMBRIDGE** *will play* **SIDNEY POITIER'S** *brother in* A Patch Of Blue. *A good sample of Godfrey's wit was on his invitation to a cocktail reception to launch his new LP. "Mr. Cambridge strongly advises attendance," this read, "or he might move next door to you!"*

It's All Happening Dept. Hollywood is all agog with . . . fathers and amnesia victims. The dads are represented by : *Where's Daddy? . . . Come On Out, Daddy . . . Your Daddy Is Dear, Dear . . . What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?* ... not forgetting: *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Locked You In The Closet And You're Feeling So Sad.*

The amnesia—ad nauseam began with **JAMES GARNER** in *36 Hours*. Now comes **GREGORY PECK** in *Mirage* . . . **ROCK HUDSON** in *Blindfold* . . . **GARNER** again in *Mr. Buddwing* . . . and **GEORGE PEPPARD** in *The Third Day*. I should make some quip here, but I've forgotten it . . . too busy writing a script about a father losing his memory!

Looks as if the Sharifs are being reconciled—for a film at least. Producer GEORGE PAL has signed OMAR SHARIF and his wife, FATEN HAMAMA, to star in a "more adult" version of *The Arabian Nights*. No doubt they'll find a role for their boy, Tarek, too; he made his debut with Dad in *Dr. Zhivago* this year. And, apparently, he's quite an actor.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—**REX HARRISON** DID ALL HIS SINGING LIVE FOR *MY FAIR LADY*; NO PRE-RECORDING FOR HIM. WHY NOT? "THREE REASONS," SAYS REX. "ONE, I HAVE TO BE IN COSTUME BEFORE I CAN SING. TWO, I HAVE TO BE IN MAKE-UP, AS WELL. AND THREE, I ALSO HAVE TO BE FRIGHTENED."

There's talk of re-making *Beau Geste* (the French Foreign Legion escapade) with PETER O'TOOLE. And ALBERT FINNEY. And RICHARD BURTON. My view: it's impossible!

Latest on Those Magnificent Men: **STUART WHITMAN** is chasing **SHIRLEY MacLAINE** to co-star in the debut film of his own company, *Mandrake Root*. **ALBERTO SORDI** is cheekily making *Gen. Custer's Trumpeter* in America, not far from the epic, *The Day Custer Fell* . . . and **JAMES FOX** is thinking of working in Italy in *Better A Widow*.

QUOTE: "The most challenging things I've ever done in my film career involved some of the garbage I had to play and make it come out interesting."
—VAN JOHNSON

"SELF-CONSCIOUS STEVE" CLEARS UP HIS PROBLEM...the man's way!

GREAT STRIKE STEVE-WELL DONE. LETS GO AND BUY THE GIRLS A COFFEE.
'FRAID I CAN'T TONIGHT PETE.
WHATS THE USE-GIRLS CANT STAND MY SPOTS.
I LIKE WATCHING STEVE BOWL-BUT THATS ABOUT ALL. HAVE YOU SEEN HIS SKIN!
AWFUL ISN'T IT? HE REALLY SHOULD DO SOMETHING.
YOUR SPOTS AND BLACKHEADS ARE MAKING YOU A REAL MISERY, STEVE. GET TACKLE LIKE I DID-HELPS CLEAR UP SKIN PROBLEMS FAST. ITS A MEDICATED CLEAR GEL-INVISIBLE ON YOUR FACE.
INVISIBLE! SOUNDS GOOD.
PETE WAS RIGHT-TACKLE IS INVISIBLE! COOL AND SOOTHING TOO, JUST LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION. REALLY IS THE MAN'S WAY TO SOLVE A SKIN PROBLEM.
NOW LOOK AT STEVE
OH STEVE, HELP ME TO IMPROVE MY BOWLING.
O.K., O.K. -WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE EVENING.
YOU SAID YOU'D HELP ME FIRST.
TACKLE
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008 REPORTS AGAIN...

THE PEOPLE IN THUNDERBALL

After luxury locations in Paris and the Bahamas, the fourth Bond picture is nearing completion at Pinewood Studios. Sean Connery is, as usual, well-heeled. So he should be—*Thunderball* is the most expensive 007 production to date. The budget is 5½ million dollars—2½ million being spent on Ken Adam's incredible sets alone! Director Terence Young is back at the helm, with a producer new to Bond films, Kevin McClory, assisting those gold-fingered boys, "Cubby" Broccoli and Harry Saltzman. Kevin knows the story very well; he worked on the draft with Ian Fleming.

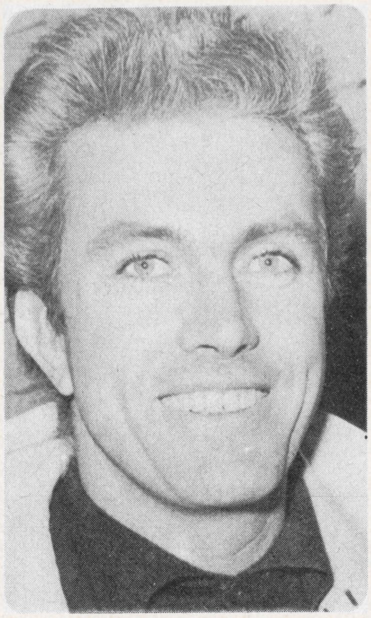
M's IMAGE SPREADS

Like Sean's Bondmanship, a cult has been prompted by **Bernard Lee's** 'M', who was finally named in Fleming's last book as Admiral Sir Miles Messary. Both the new screen-spies have M-type chiefs: Trevor Howard (once tipped to play 007!) is Col. Mostyn, boss of 'Boysie' Oakes (Rod Taylor) in *The Liquidator*; John le Mesurier is Col. MacGilvray, chief of Dr. Jason Love (David Niven) in *Where The Spies Are*. It seems that nothing succeeds like M and B!

LEFT AT H.Q.

Poor **Lois Maxwell**! She's the envy of all actresses because she's in every Bond film—but she never gets 007 in a clinch. As M's patient secretary, Miss Moneypenny, she is always left behind at H.Q. "But," smiles Lois, "at least he always comes back to me . . . !"

LEITER sparks again



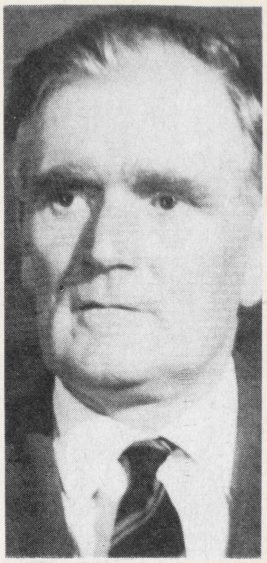
For the third time in four adventures, Bond is aided by his American CIA friend, Felix Leiter. As before, it's a new actor playing Leiter. "And I'm the last," **Rik von Nutter**, the latest Leiter, assures me. "I have been contracted to play Felix in the rest of the series."

At the moment Rik is better known as Anita Ekberg's husband. He has not had many film breaks. "*Thunderball* should change all that," says Anita proudly. "Rik has the right ingredients for stardom."

Remember the other actors who played Felix?

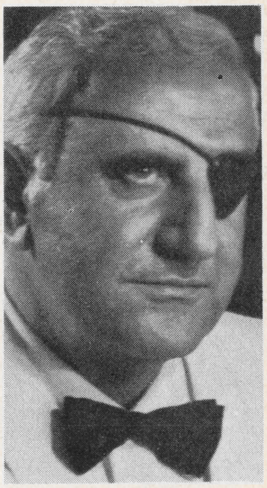
1: Jack Lord in *Dr. No*.

2: Cec Linder in *Goldfinger*.



'Q' HERE FOR giMmicKS

Desmond Llewelyn was rewarded with a fatter role, plus a trip to the Bahamas for *Thunderball*. It was Desmond who made such a wonderful character of 'Q' in *Goldfinger* (remember his superbly agonised expressions when 007 laughingly pooh-poohed the wonders of that Aston Martin?) "Take it from me," says Desmond," old 'Q' has quite a few new gimmicks for Bond in this adventure."



LARGO at large

Who helps find the actors who play Bond's villains? In a way, French star Jean-Paul Belmondo is responsible. Just before *Goldfinger*, Gert Frobe made *Banana Peel* with Belmondo. Then, just before *Thunderball*, Italian director-actor **Adolfo Celi** made *That Man From Rio* with Belmondo! Adolfo plays Emilio Largo, Sicilian gangster leader planning the latest fiendish SPECTRE plot.

THIS GIRL KILLS . . . .

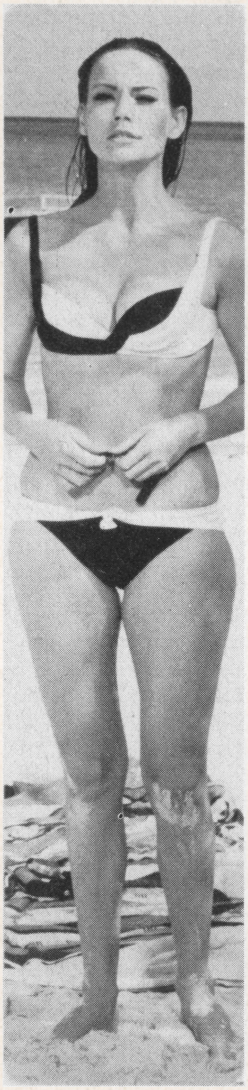
Venetian redhead, **Luciana Paluzzi,** has a deadly mission: to kill James Bond. "Fiona, the SPECTRE agent, is not a very nice woman," she says of her role. "But she makes a memorable screen character. I have to make love to Bond, and then try to murder him. It is my best role yet."

PHYSICAL—therapist

One glance at lovely **Mollie Peters** and it's easy to see why Connery calls her role as physiotherapist Patricia "the physicaltherapist". In fact, if the Censor allows, Mollie will be the first nude (albeit, in silhouette behind frosted glass) in a Bond film. "All the men came round to watch. You'd think they'd never seen a naked woman before," said Mollie.

VITAL VITALE

THE Bond Girl for 1965 is the slinky Continental playgirl, Domino Vitale—a great part for that vital French girl, **Claudine Auger.** And what does she think of her predecessors? Says Claudine: "They 'ave all been very beautiful. Ursula Andress is a marvellous girl. So is Daniella Bianchi. And Honor Blackman, of course—very attractive and explosive. In Paris I meet Shirley Eaton; also a fine actress. I 'ope I prove to be as good."



007's TOP-SECRET GIRL

This Franco-Japanese beauty, **Mitsouko,** shares a big secret with Bond. His other new girls have been named and they've talked, most freely, about their roles in *Thunderball.* Not Mitsouko, though. On M's orders she is silent. (M, in this case, being producer McClory.) However, I can reveal that Mitsouko is the girl in the TOP-SECRET pre-credit sequence of *Thunderball.* The sequence, filmed in Paris, shows a huge funeral in progress, with wreaths and other tributes initialled J.B. What? James Bond dead . . ?

FIRST—in a second!

Ex-Miss Jamaica, **Martine Beswick,** has a rare honour; she's the first actress asked to play two different characters in Bond's love life. Martine was one of the fighting gypsy girls in *From Russia With Love.* Now she's back, still fighting for James, as a curvacious Bahamian agent-ally, Paula. Note: The only other girl to have played two parts in the series was Nadja Regin, but she was personally involved with Bond on only one occasion.

RICHARD HARRIS

Continued from page 13

otherwise it would have been just a freak show. But I don't think I'm without taste or judgment, and I applied them to this picture. I thought things worked out well."

Meanwhile, his other films are catching up with him, and now the savagery and dash of *Major Dundee*—a tip-top Western of the hard-hitting variety—is about to hit the screens.

This time it was Charlton Heston, not Harris, who made headlines—shaking mercenary Hollywood by returning his £100,000 salary to Columbia Pictures.

The reason was said to have been over some argument about shooting two scenes as one. Merely a question of expense, said the studio. Heston didn't agree; and having won his point, surrendered his salary because "my contract did not give me creative control."

When I tackled Harris about this event he growled: "That's all phoney publicity." It was the growl of a man who doesn't hold with anything that is phoney. He paused to pour out some coffee. (Most interviews with Harris have been conducted over whisky—or champagne. Our diet in "dry" Norway was coffee and cake.)

"What actually happened," he went on, "was this. The company wanted to take the director, Sam Peckinpath (pronounced Pekin-paw) off the picture. Heston liked him and wanted to keep him on.

"We were already about a week late on the schedule. So Heston said he would give back his salary to cover the expense of that week, if they would keep Sam on. They accepted."

A Serious Business

Since then, Sam Peckinpath has, in fact, been taken off another film. He was replaced by Norman Jewison on the new Steve McQueen drama, *The Cincinatti Kid*, after three days.

Said Harris: "I knew this would happen. I mean, when you work with a very hard professional—and McQueen is a great pro. and a very exciting actor, I think—he demands as much interest and energy and concentration and concern from the director as the actor is willing to put in himself. If you don't get it you're entitled to complain. This is, after all, a serious business, you know. We're not playing games when we're making films."

Peckinpath is a director already accepted by several critics as a first-class outdoor action film-maker. I asked Harris for his view and, as I expected, the answer was frank and honest:

"I didn't like him too much. He didn't prepare enough for me. When I work as an actor, I really live the part I'm playing. I prepare strongly, but I found Sam lacking in application. Consequently I don't think he was getting the best out of the subject. Or out of me. Or out of Heston."

Characteristically, Harris put it all down to experience. Just as he did with his first films: "Yes, I still say they were the six worst pictures ever made. They were. They were! But I learned a lot from them.

"You know the old cliche: *You must walk before you can run*. It is necessary, you see, to acquire a foundation."

Harris's foundation today is rock-firm—and he's very busy building a multi-storey career on it. The only kind of career that is worth anything—a commercially successful one.

My Success Plan

The "failure" of *This Sporting Life* sparked off his plan for success. He calls it: "My campaign to attack the film business under my own terms."

More coffee and cake arrived as he went on: "You see, the longer I become involved in this business, the more I want to go into my own production company. First stage of this doing-things-my-way campaign will be *Wuthering Heights*, with director Lindsay Anderson.

"But if you want your own company to function correctly, making the stories you want to make, you have to appear in commercial pictures as well. It is essential to avoid being referred to as a kind of arty-actor.

"The money-boys, too, are not interested in the artistic merits of any film I make; only my bank balance!

"I'm trying to balance my career very intelligently," he told me, "between artistic and commercial pictures. *Sporting Life*, *The Red Desert*, and *The Bible*, these are the artistic ones. So I balance these against *Major Dundee* and *The Heroes Of Telemark*—big, commercial projects."

But wherever Harris the very volcanic Irishman goes, be it commercially or artistically, it won't be to Italy, I can tell you. For this is what he thinks of Italian film-makers:

"They have no regard for acting at all—it's as if we didn't exist. They shoot completely without regard for the actor. We're like puppets to them. Hogarthian puppets! They don't recognise that acting is a craft—a creative art form. We're dispensable!

"Consequently they don't gear their cameras and other preparations to your working. Two or three cameras are often going at once; one maybe following you all round a room. You've no idea which one you're supposed to be playing to.

"For me, acting is an art form—a great art form. It requires an absolutely studied technique. But they—even Michaelangelo Antonioni—have no regard for this."

He paused, only to take up the cudgels again. "Then there is the language thing. In *The Red Desert*, I played scenes in which Monica Vitti spoke Italian, a French girl spoke French and I spoke English! Then Antonioni would be prompting in Italian some characters off the streets; making up lines for them to say as the scene was going on, to catch their natural responses. And the actor was supposed to integrate a performance into all that! Impossible! Amateur night in Dixie!"

What about the film-scene in Britain and America? "What's really missing here," he said, "is a director with the complete creativity of a Frenchman or an Italian—like Fellini, say—who can actually create and direct his own *scenario*. So being complete master of his subject."

Another thing which upsets Harris is our lack of actresses. "I can rattle off the names of six brilliant actors—no, seven. Big international potentialities. But there is only one girl who has any merit at all. And that is Julie Christie. She's the only person who's interesting at all. At least, that's the way I see it.

My Main Ambition

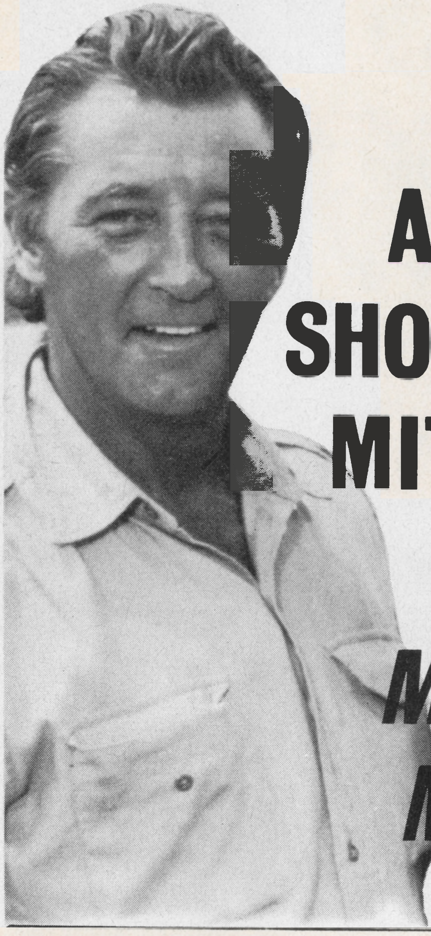
"We're looking for a Katherine now for *Wuthering Heights*. Very difficult. I was very keen to have Julie Christie. But Lindsay Anderson wanted somebody else."

But the shortage of actresses is not confined to Britain, according to Harris. "American actresses are dull," he said bluntly. "Only two or three of them who are any good. Anne Bancroft is one. American actors, too, are dull.

"But they have some marvellous directors there; John Frankenheimer, Robert Mulligan and people like that. I'd like to work with one director there called Sidney Pollack. He's never made a film, but he's big in TV, like these two others were. I've discussed things with him and I find him very exciting. I'd like to be the first to drag him into films."

We ended with a discussion about the future of Richard Harris. His battle-plan is set, and he still receives at least four scripts a week. But his main ambition now is to direct. "I think the comment a man wants to make on his life in an art-form has to be from the director's point of view. Here he has more opportunity than the actor. And I want that opportunity."

Knowing Richard Harris, he'll get it. And soon.



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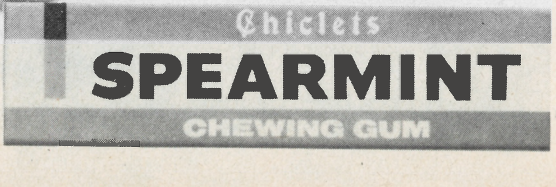

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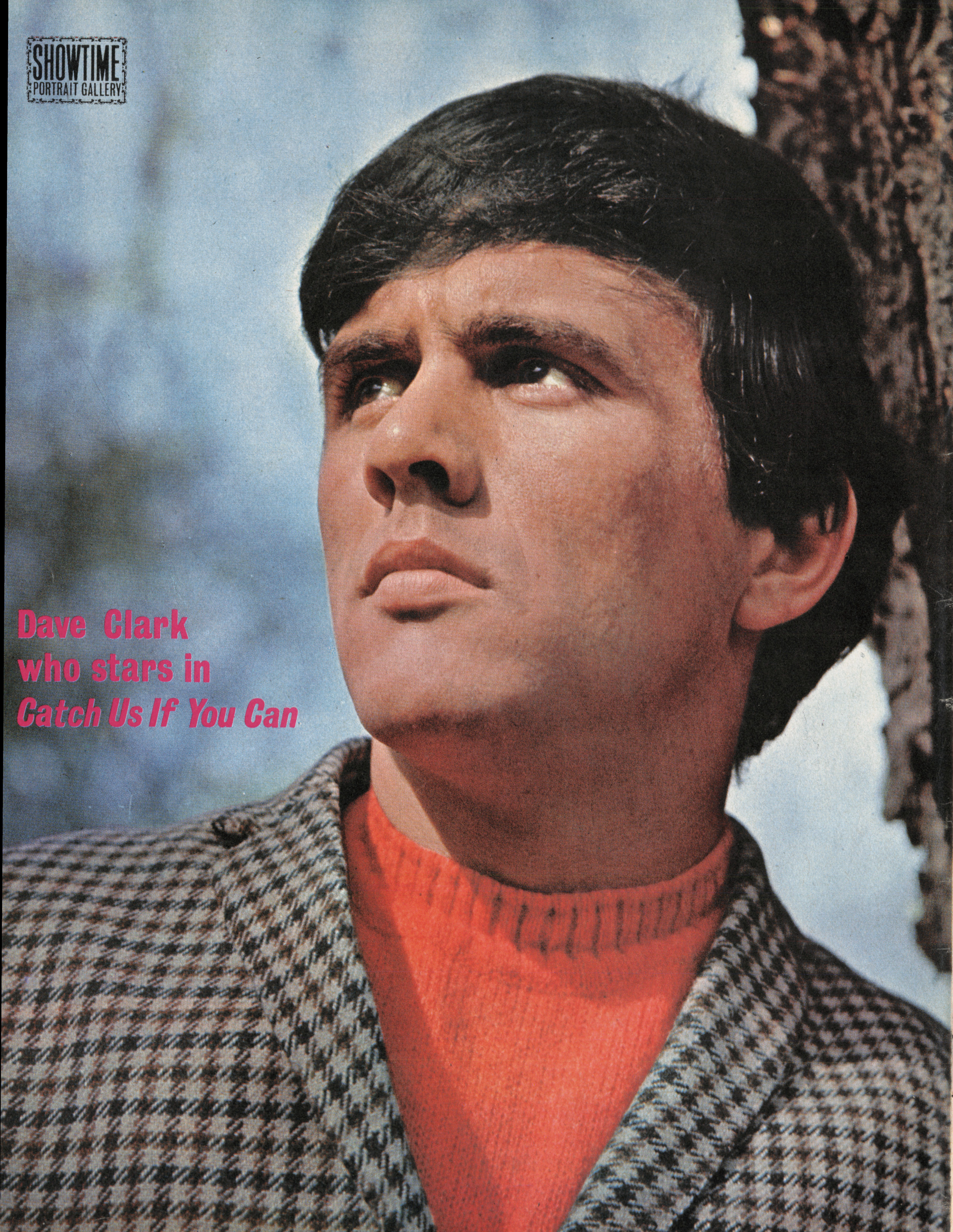
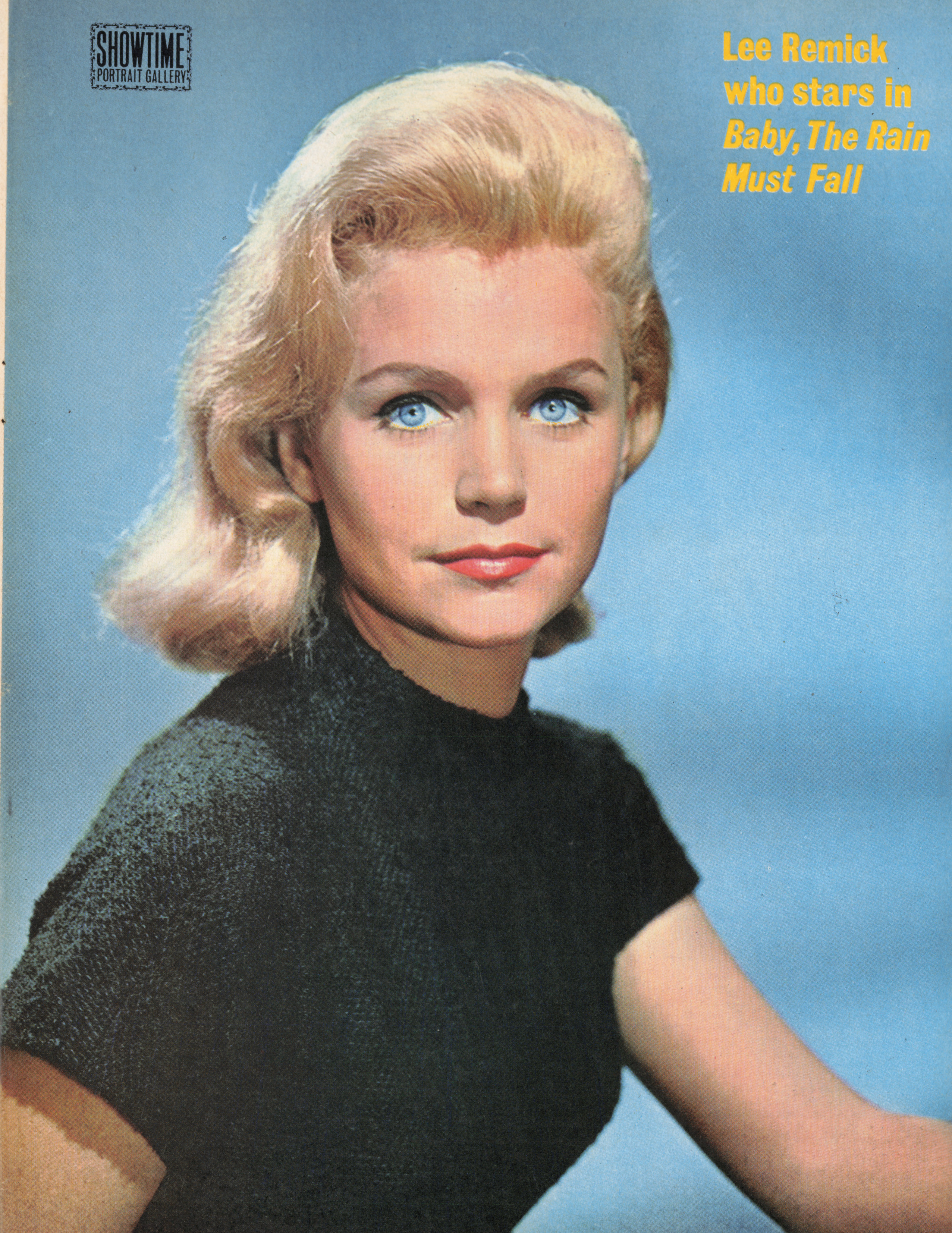


SHOWTIME
PORTRAIT GALLERY

Dave Clark
who stars in
Catch Us If You Can



SHOWTIME
PORTRAIT GALLERY

Lee Remick who stars in *Baby, The Rain Must Fall*

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Katrina and the Stars

ARIES
22nd March to 20th April

Financially, this should be a very good month, so do not be afraid to take a gamble or to follow your inclinations if you enjoy an occasional "flutter". If you have any new undertaking in mind, you should be able to put your plan into action.

TAURUS
21st April to 21st May

If you have any legal problems pending they will be settled. Also, your financial situation will improve, and it looks as though your income will begin to exceed your expectations. If single, the periods between the 5th and 10th are likely to be happy.

GEMINI
22nd May to 21st June

This promises to be a hectic month. Friends will be very friendly and co-operative, and more ready to adapt themselves to your hopes and wishes. Overall, a splendid month.

CANCER
22nd June to 23rd July

Any material problems you may have should ease up. On the other hand, you may encounter an unusual amount of domestic friction which is best dealt with by exercising tact and patience.

LEO
24th July to 23rd August

If single, there is every prospect of a congenial new friendship developing before the month is out. If planning marriage, some good fortune may enable you to achieve this sooner than originally anticipated.

VIRGO
24th August to 23rd September

Expenditure will be heavy and it will not be easy to retain cash. Try to maintain a balance. If you can do this successfully, then the end of this month should find your financial position greatly improved.

LIBRA
24th September to 23rd October

Physically, you're in peak form. This is an ideal period in which to take your annual holiday, especially if it involves doing something strenuous! Don't be tempted into taking risks, however, for the same influence that gives you energy also increases the liability of doing unwise things.

SCORPIO
24th October to 22nd November

Steer well clear of emotional entanglements. They could land you in deep water. Romance is under very mixed influences during the month of July, and a great deal of tact will be necessary in order to avoid explosive situations.

SAGITTARIUS
23rd November to 22nd December

You will have to watch out for a tendency to get at cross purposes with your nearest and dearest. You will also experience a desire to get out and about more than usual. Adequate relaxation is important during July—make sure you get your proper quota.

CAPRICORN
23rd December to 20th January

This is a month which stirs your ambitions and gives you opportunities to move ahead more quickly. You may have been feeling dissatisfied with your progress lately, and now is the time to do something about it.

AQUARIUS
21st January to 19th February

Don't be afraid to ask others for the assistance you may need; you will find that they will be only too pleased to help in whatever way they can. You stand to gain more through mutual dealings than through individual effort.

PISCES
20th February to 21st March

Health prospects look excellent during the whole of this month, and any minor symptoms of ill health you may have had just recently should now disappear. Socially this should be a most enjoyable period.

You can get a copy of Showtime each month for a year by filling in the form below and sending it with a 12s. Postal Order—to cover cost and postage—to:

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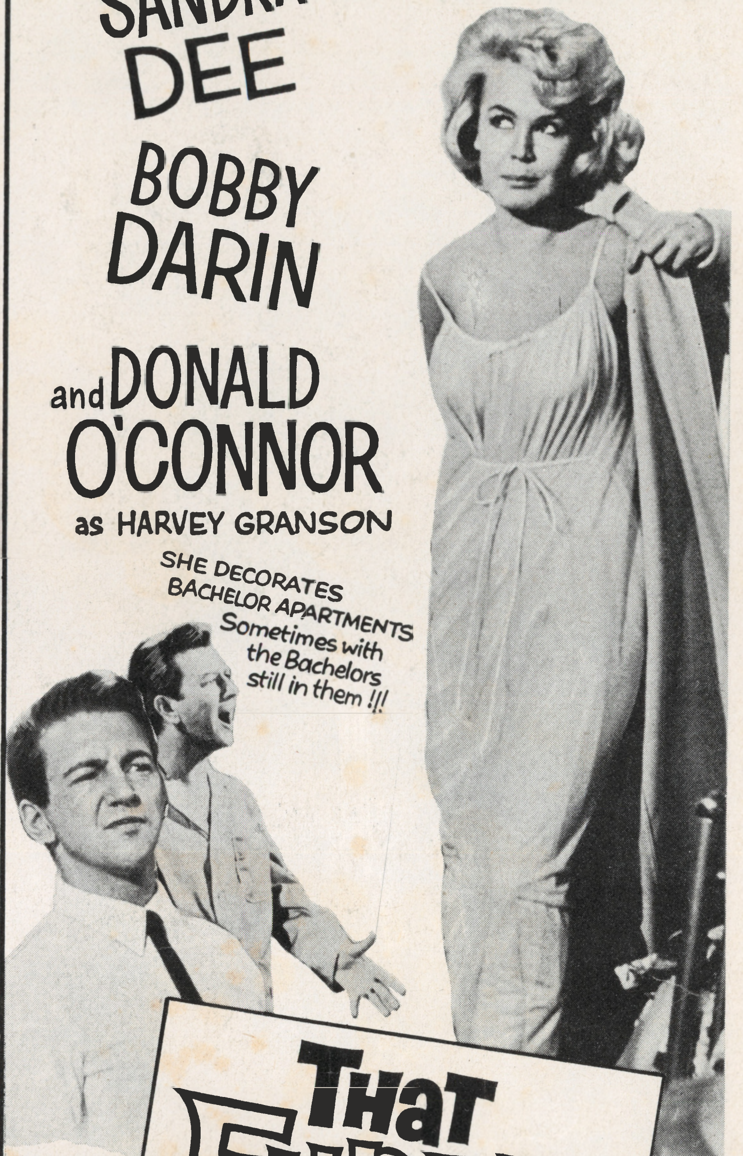
BOBBY DARIN

and DONALD O'CONNOR

as HARVEY GRANSON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